

JOHN BULL



There . . .

your wash looks shades
whiter than mine again!*Why is it?*

A. Simply because I get out all the dirt. Ordinary washing can't cleanse inside the fabric, so the fine dirt that's got a grip stays behind.

Q. But I'm most particular; I use the best soap, and soak and scrub as well as boil.

A. But neither boiling nor rubbing can make soap cleanse so completely as Persil's oxygen suds do. The active suds work gently and completely through and through. Persil is best for all your washing.

Two things Persil's unique oxygen suds give you: extra safety for everything you wash, and a wonderful cleansing power which will bring a new standard of cleanness to your clothes.

That's because the Persil suds are made active by oxygen; they wash right inside, instead of cleansing the surface only. That's how they take out stains in a single wash which ordinary soap won't touch.

Use Persil for every single thing!

Are you using the Free Persil Service?

The Persil Washing Service backs up Persil's advantages by offering free help and information about all washing. At every Persil Institute experts are waiting to advise you in person. Or if you are not near a Persil Institute ask for the Persil Washing Handbook—a mine of practical information. Simply cut out this paragraph and send with your name and address to Dept. 46, Crossfield's, Warrington.

Persil



THE

AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER



THE ORIGINAL
OUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE
or in Manks if preferred. Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades.

READICUT RUG WOOL

Send a post-card (1d. stamp) for **FREE** Rug Book, containing 33 coloured Rug Designs and Samples of Wools, Canvas, etc.

READICUT WOOL CO., Dept. J.B., OSSETT, YKS.

FROM 1/- PER LB.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33.

FROM 5/3
Per Month
DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For garden, tools, cycles, frames, household goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in a strong, easily erected section. Strong, planned, moulded, rebated weather boards. Windows, glass supplied. Floors extra.

Length	Width	Price
10 ft.	4 ft.	10/-
12 ft.	4 ft.	12/-
14 ft.	4 ft.	14/-
16 ft.	4 ft.	16/-
18 ft.	4 ft.	18/-
20 ft.	4 ft.	20/-
22 ft.	4 ft.	22/-
24 ft.	4 ft.	24/-
26 ft.	4 ft.	26/-
28 ft.	4 ft.	28/-
30 ft.	4 ft.	30/-
32 ft.	4 ft.	32/-
34 ft.	4 ft.	34/-
36 ft.	4 ft.	36/-
38 ft.	4 ft.	38/-
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42 ft.	4 ft.	42/-
44 ft.	4 ft.	44/-
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48 ft.	4 ft.	48/-
50 ft.	4 ft.	50/-
52 ft.	4 ft.	52/-
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62 ft.	4 ft.	62/-
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72 ft.	4 ft.	72/-
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78 ft.	4 ft.	78/-
80 ft.	4 ft.	80/-
82 ft.	4 ft.	82/-
84 ft.	4 ft.	84/-
86 ft.	4 ft.	86/-
88 ft.	4 ft.	88/-
90 ft.	4 ft.	90/-
92 ft.	4 ft.	92/-
94 ft.	4 ft.	94/-
96 ft.	4 ft.	96/-
98 ft.	4 ft.	98/-
100 ft.	4 ft.	100/-

SEE CATALOGUE OF Various Buildings Free
V. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Bideford, Devon.
London Showroom, 40-42, Oxford St.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent on Free approval.

Charming model hat in suede felt, trimmed self-coloured petersham and smart contrasting pleated effect. Sizes 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2. Colours: Black, Chocolate, Navy, Green, Lilac, Doreen Dark Red.

12/11 VALUE FOR 5/-

Terms: If entirely to your satisfaction, you send 1/- upon receipt, and 1/- fortnightly until 5/- is paid. Full cash with order, or balance within seven days, 4/6 only.

EUGENE (Millinery), 25, Neal St., BRADFORD.

RILEY'S HOME BILLIARDS

13'3 DOWN

Write for Free Art List.

All the family will find endless pleasure during leisure hours with a Riley Home Billiard Table. The 6ft. size is delivered to you immediately on first payment of 18/6. Balance monthly. Cash Price £11 15s. Rileys pay carriage and take transit risks. 7 days' Free Trial allowed. Send today for Free Art List giving full details of Riley's Home Billiard Tables and Combinations Billiard and Dining Tables. Dept. 27, 147, in all sizes, for cash or easy terms. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Gt. Britain.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Ashton Works, 40, GRIMSTON, and Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.1.

QUILTS FREE

This excellent quilt for only 20/-, cash, free, cash or C.O.D. Immediate delivery.

2 White Woolly Blankets 50x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 50x70
2 Fine Pillow Slips 30x18
1 Good Dotted Case 58x20
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Pair Art. Silk Socks
1 Pretty Cushion Cover
2 Coloured Patchwork
3 Baby Handkerchiefs
ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.

WADDEN DOWN QUILT
Given free with each quilt. Also a Dotted Table Cloth free if cash with order. Money back if not delighted.

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MASTER THE PIANO Easily, Quickly, Enjoyably.

To learn to play really beautifully is not difficult—it is easy—with proper teaching! Even if you start at middle age not knowing a note. I CAN TEACH YOU to play so that your friends will want you always. I will send you by POST such Sun-clear, Fascinating Lessons from ordinary musical notation, no frills, methods, that you simply cannot fail. I am sending 50 to 100 notes every week and have taught 30,000 adults, young and old. I CAN TEACH YOU, and I guarantee to please and even surprise you with your rapid progress. Send p.c. for FREE Book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and Form for FREE reply. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Advanced or Advanced.

Mr. H. BECKER, (Dept. 181) 60, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS!

PROFIT & ADVANTAGE
to write to-day for H. Samuel's beautiful FREE ALBUM of Rings, Watches, Plate. The bargains you get from the Empire's Largest Jeweller-to-day are a sensational revelation! Splendid Free Prizes. This fine Rytima Lever Watch, specially strong, dust and damp proof. 5/- Any article sent C.O.D. H. SAMUEL, Ltd. Dept. 199, Market St., Manchester.

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AFTER NINE YEARS

A Famous Doctor's Remedy Succeeds.

A Stores Manager writes:—"Will you kindly send per return another 12/- 'Dr. G's RHEUMATIC CURE'? I am pleased to inform you that it has done this lady more good than anything she has tried, and that is saying a good deal, as she has suffered for nine years, and has consulted many doctors—including eminent specialists."

Obtainable at **BOOTS, TAYLORS** and all chemists, 3/- and 12/-, or post free from **T. GRIFFITH HUGHES, M.P.S., Mfg. Chemist, Denbigh, N. Wales.**

[ADVT.]

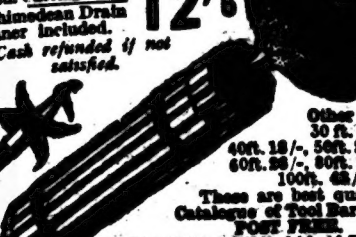
WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

Avoid doubtful medicines, pills, etc. For reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, buckles or buttons. Excellent as a general purpose belt for **MEN OR WOMEN**

This patent is made from strong woven elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

Size	Price
3 in. deep	4/11
4 in. deep	5/11
5 in. deep	6/11
6 in. deep	7/11
7 in. deep	8/11
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SPECIAL OFFER
CHIMNEY SWEEPING
 and Drain-Cleaning Machines
 30 ft. Finest Quality Canes, fitted
 best brass screws and sockets.
 18 in. base chimney
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 Cleaner included.
12/6
 Cash refunded if not
 satisfied.



Other sizes
 30 ft. 12/6
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 80 ft. 38/6
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These are best quality.
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 S. TYZACK & SON, Ltd. (L.S. 17),
 20, 22 & 24, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

TAN WILLOW SHOES
 Tan Willow (or Black box) leather uppers with a natural crepe
 rubber sole: self-cup, machine sewn, and stitched. A solid
 shoe for any occasion, that will give months of hard wear. The
 crepe sole is practically indestructible, and our
 guarantee, backed by this paper, is to replace
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5/3
 Postage on 1 or 2
 Pair 9d., or C.O.D.
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Send for a pair now
 (for 1 Black and 1
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 whilst they supply lasts. (Boys' sizes
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**NUTTALL, 1, GOODMAYES,
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FUR GAUNTLETS
BRITISH MADE.
 Ladies' and Gent's.
 Ideal for Motoring.
 Walking, Cycling.



These excellent fur-backed
 Gauntlets, fleece lined inside,
 are of good quality Tan Cows
 with finest quality Fur on
 Backs and inside cuff and
 Piz with sewn for hardest wear.
 Will give you endless satis-
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 money refunded if not
 satisfied. Colours for
 Ladies and Men's: Mink,
 Stone Marten, Violette
 and Brown. Beaver
 Coney 1/- extra.
 Give size. All Col-
 ours. Post 6d. extra.

8/11

**SAMPLE SHOE & GLOVE STORES, Dept. 5,
 206, Ryegate, Fencham, London, S.E.**

**EX GOVNT
 KHAKI RIDING
 BREECHES**
 Just the thing for drivers,
 roughmen, 1st and 2nd
 class and sports wear.
 Genuine Army com-
 plete unlined goods.
 Extra strong Khaki
 Serge. Wear for years.
 Sharply cut and
 perfectly finished with
 two side pockets.
 Size 26 to 31 in.
 waist only.



4/6
 Postage 9d. extra.

Also Khaki Bedford Cord,
 6/6, and Blue Melton Cloth
 7/6. Sizes 26 to 40 in.

Order now to secure.
 State waist
 measure.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, 2/b, Derby Rd., Croydon.

FOR YOURS
BUY DIRECT
1/6
£4/4 value for 35/-
ONLY 35/- FOR EIGHT
FULL-SIZE BLANKETS.—Deposit



An absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed
 perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight
 Imperial Blankets. Bordered and
 whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.
£4-4-0 value for 35/-
 Send for this Blanket Sale on
 approval. See the high quality.
 There is no doubt that this is
 one of the world's
 biggest bargains.

The Whole
 Sale of 8 Blankets
 sent on receipt of
 the first
 Deposit
 of 1/6
 An Un-
 equalled
 Offer.

If entirely to your satisfaction balance is
 payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid.
 Full cash within seven days, 35/- only.

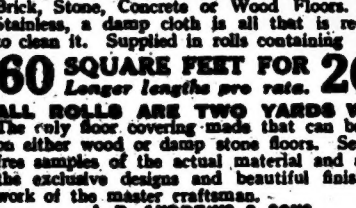
J.A. DAVIS & CO. Dept. S. 616
 94-104 DENMARK HILL
 CAMBERWELL, LONDON S.E.5

ALL ROUND VALUE
JOHN BULL'S
SHOP-WINDOW
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33

"PAROLEUM"
BEST QUALITY
FLOOR COVERING
THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
 Waterproof. Rot-proof and Sanitary. For either
 Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being
 Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required
 to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing
60 SQUARE FEET FOR 20/-
 Longer lengths are available.



ALL ROLLS ARE TWO YARDS WIDE.
 The only floor covering made that can be used
 on either wood or damp stone floors. Send for
 free samples of the actual material and admire
 the exclusive designs and beautiful finish—the
 work of the master craftsman.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
 Rotheland Square, Watworth Road, London, S.E.17.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR
TRIMS AS IT COMBS
 Saves endless time and
 expense in visits
 to hairdresser.



Improved Model
 Nickel Plated
 Unbreakable

1/-
 Post 3d.
 2 spare blades 3d.
 or 5 for 8d.
 This superior,
 highly-plated
SELF-TRIMMING
COMB, complete
 with adjustable blade
 ready for use, keeps your hair
 neatly trimmed for a lifetime.
 For Ladies, Gents and Children.

Wm. PENN (Dept. T.S.),
 682, Holloway Road, London, N.16.

FREE HUNTER WATCHES
A REAL GIFT



Your opportunity to
 possess a genuine
 18-ct. surmounted
 Engine-Turned Geneva Lever
 Hunter Watch, renowned
 for life-long reliability and mar-
 vellous time-keeping. The hand-
 some case is fitted with interior
 dust and damp proof dome. Model
 of watch sold for £2 2s. 0d. Price
 only 10/-, post free. 10 Year written
 guarantee given.

FREE: Every purchaser receives ser-
 viceable pocket-to-pocket Curb design
 chain (18-ct. gilt) with monogram medallion,
 as illustrated. Money back in full if not satisfied.
 Send for one of these bargains NOW.

ANGLO AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS
 (Dept. J.B. 11), 12a, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
 (Opposite Western Central F.O.)

£2 CASH BONUS TO EVERY SUCCESSFUL APPLICANT



SWAFFER LTD
QUAKERS FRIARS
BRISTOL

SOUTH WESTERN
HUTS & GARAGES

Prices again reduced.
 Buy now before they
 rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.
 10' x 7' £6 6 0
 13' x 9' £10 19 0

HUTS.
 6' x 4' £2 15 0
 8' x 5' £3 16 0
 10' x 7' £5 18 0
 7' x 10' Planed Rebat
 Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS
ARRANGED.

Write now for
 Illustrated Catalogue.

**SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929) Ltd., Dept. J,
 High Street, Fulham, S.W.6.**

TRY THE WONDERFUL
LOUDSPEAKER
SOUNDBOX ON



YOUR GRAMOPHONE.
 This new 1933 model makes
 the cheapest, oldest gramophone
 equal to a £25 cabinet. Amazing
 volume — absolute purity in
 lowest and highest notes (im-
 possible in inferior soundboxes).
 The only "Loudspeaker"
 Soundbox sent free for trial.
 Terms: 2/- weekly (11/- in
 all), or 10/- cash down. State
 if soundbox fits in or slips over
 gramophone tone arm.

F. HAND & CO.,
 284, High Holborn, London, W.C.1
 Londoners: Call and hear it!

YOURS for
6/-



£2.2.0
 value for 16/6
 With Free Gift of Lady's
 Patent Shoes to every Purchaser.

An astounding Velveteen Frock Bargain
LATEST PARISIAN MODEL.
 Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon
 Finished Tulle Back Velveteen
 with all-round Belt of Self-
 Material. Neatly stitched and
 Finished Fancy Buckle. New Style
 Art Silk Lace Edged Fancy Collar
 and Cuffs. The skirt has Plain
 Yoke Top with Long, Full Flare. A
 design of perfection, suitable for any
 and every occasion. Selected Shades
 of Navy, Black, Green, Sage
 and Nigger. Head 6d. Deposit and 6d.
 for postage for Free Approval. If
 satisfactory, send 1/6 fortnightly
 until 16/6 is paid, or balance within
 7 days 16/6 only.

Mizes, S.W. & W., all lengths, but
 3/6 extra for O.S. sizes. Give Length
 and Bust Measurement when ordering.
NOTE OUR FREE OFFER. Every
 purchaser has, Free of Charge, 1 pair
 of our 12 11 Lady's Black
 Patent Shoes as illus-
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THESE SHOES FREE

Write for illus-
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J.A. DAVIS & CO. Dept. J.B. 13
 94-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.5

BARGAINS from CROYDON STORES
TRIPLE WEAR FOOTWEAR AT AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES!!

To introduce our many "Bargain" lines, we offer these fine
 shoes at a ridiculously low price for below their real value. Stout
 sole and heel of hard wearing rubber and polished
 uppers exactly resembling leather but
 infinitely more comfortable.
 Most comfortable shoes ever
 produced. Must be seen to be
 appreciated.
 Trade Enquiries invited.
 Sizes 4 to 11 for men and
 women.



3/9
 Postage
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 packing
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Also supplied with
 black DORRIS sole
 1/- extra

5/11
 Ladies' with
 one bar, sizes
 3 to 5. Postage
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HOUSESHOES
FOR COMFORT
AND ECONOMY
 Just the thing for wear
 in the house, garden.
 Trade Enquiries invited.



Perfectly finished with solid
 rubber heels, soles and flexible uppers
 with best leather appearance. A
 more comfortable shoe does not
 exist. Ideal for those troubled with
 tender feet, corns, bunions, etc.
 Definitely waterproof. Get a pair to-
 day and know what foot comfort
 really is.

Size 5 to 7. **PER PAIR**
2/6
 Children's size
 2, per pair 1/6

Also Fashion Shoe
 (size 6 or 7 bar), with
 Cuban heel, 5/6.

Postage 9d. extra on one or two pairs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, Footwear Specialists, 2/b, DERBY ROAD, CROYDON.

BABY-CLOTHES
CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG OR SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE
30/-
 (Everything necessary and ready for use.)
 75 beautiful garments (for Winter or
 Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Suit,
 Bath Robe, Lawn or Wincey, Day
 Gown, L'loche, Flan., etc.
 White, Wash, Flan., etc.
 Vest, Back Flan-
 nel, Hand-knit-
 ted Wool Hatline
 Cuffs, Binders, Feeders,
 Large Furk Napkins, etc.



PURCHASERS Write:
 "Highly satisfied." "Be-
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 "Excellent materials and
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 shall certainly recom-
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 FOR PARCEL
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 Mrs. J.B. Howard,
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I AM THE largest
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the finest COVENTRY
BUILT Cycles and
sell POUNDS
CHEAPER by
 cutting out Agents' profits.
 I have thousands of
 Coventry's best 1933
 models to offer at cut
 prices. Carriage Paid. An
ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL,
CARRIER, & REFLEC-
TOR, FREE.
 Send a postcard for free list.



O'Brien, of COVENTRY

GREAT CLEARANCE OF 10/6
TROUSERS for only
FREE
PULLOVER
with Every Pair
4/6



Think of it! Trousers and Pullover
 for only 4/6, post 9d. The trousers
 are smartly tailored, well cut on stylish lines
 and strongly made in hard-wearing material.
 Dark Grey ground, with neat stripe effect.
 2 strong side pockets. If you don't consider
 these Trousers an amazing bargain we will
 refund cash at once. Our Sensational
 Bargain Price is 4/6, with free Pull-
 over! Post and packing 9d. extra, one or
 two pairs. C.O.D. if preferred. Stock lines
 (32 to 44 in. waist). Also Super-quality
 Strong Whipcord 5/6, with Gift.
 Strong Post and packing 9d.

ROSE BROS. (Dept.) 69, Church St., Croydon

GENUINE 21/-
SOLID RUBBER
WELLINGTONS
8/3
POST 1/-
2 PAIRS
BOOKS
FREE



Double thick Uppers.
 Heavy Soles and Block
 Heels, with triple rein-
 forced ankles for longest
 and hardest wear.
 Smoothly and snugly
 lined warm fleecy
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 Non-slip tread sole—
 ideal for Fishing, Shoot-
 ing, Garage and Stable
 work. SIZES 5-12. Our
 22 years' reputation
 is behind this wonderful
 Boot. 2 Pairs Books Free.
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ABOVE OFFERS CLOSE JUNE 30th, 1933



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Without Fear or Favour

OUR DAILY SPIES

JOHN BULL



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for Week ending Saturday, January 28, 1933.
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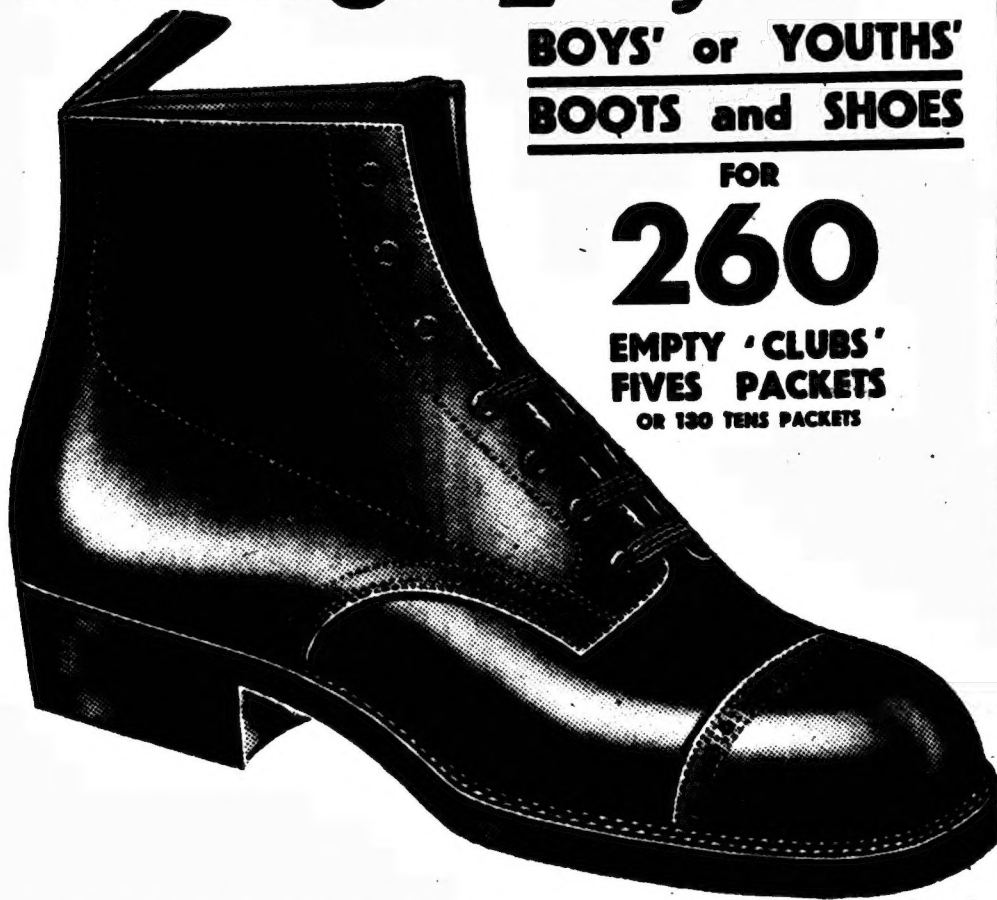
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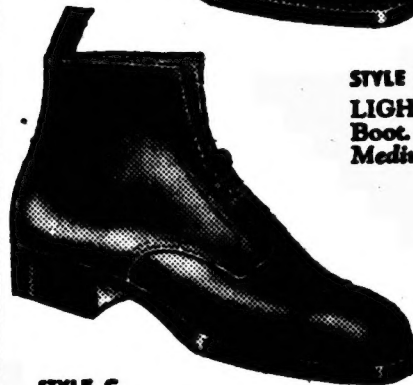
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JOHN BULL
STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Judge who Knows Speaks Up for Exposures

A Duke Does His Bit

More Mothers to Die

MR JUSTICE McCARDIE'S judicial pronouncements upon aspects of our modern social life are invariably interesting and acutely to the point.

Unlike some of his brothers on the Bench, he knows the world. His wide knowledge of law is reinforced by an equally wide knowledge of men and women and the motives that actuate them.

We are gratified, therefore, to find such a well-informed judge setting the seal of his strong approval upon a line of conduct that JOHN BULL, more than any other journal in this country, has followed for very many years past.

Doing a public duty

It has always been (and will still be) one of the principal objects of our existence to protect the public, as far as is in our power, from the rogues, swindlers, cheats and blackmailers of society.

We do this as a matter of public duty—and run certain risks while so doing. JOHN BULL'S "Exposures"—our articles that show up without fear or favour the undesirable gentry who live by preying on their fellow creatures—are world-famous.

Others shirk it

But this has sometimes led certain types of superior persons to speak of JOHN BULL as a "scandalous paper."

Perhaps, if they pay heed to Mr. Justice McCARDIE's remarks the other day in a case with which he was dealing, they may come to share his views of the great public uses of a journal like JOHN BULL.

"Very often newspapers refrain from exposing men they ought to expose," said the learned judge. "Sometimes the right of a newspaper to expose a rascal is not exercised because of the verdict of a jury."

Need for exposure

He went on to say: "I recognise the power of the Press to injure reputations, and I agree that the law must be strong to enable a good character to be vindicated and to penalise baseless imputations."

"But I know quite well how large a number of fraudulent or undesirable persons remain unexposed through the severity of the law with respect to defendants in cases of defamation."

"The public too often loses the protection it so greatly needs."

"I know also of the large trade that exists in seeking to extort damages from newspaper proprietors and others in circumstances which are little better than disguised blackmail."

Fraud increasing

In other words, Mr. Justice McCARDIE appreciates that the public needs the protection of the Press from scoundrels, and agrees that where exposure is in the public interest it should be made.

And that is exactly the rule that governs, and has governed, JOHN BULL in its activities in this direction.

All the more so to-day because, judging from the volume of correspondence which reaches this office, there never was a time when men were so preying upon their fellows.

Our readers' help

Mr. Justice McCARDIE's words should be read and remembered. It may be hoped, perhaps, that in their light the word "scurrilous" will not easily fly to the tongue of opposing counsel to describe, for professional purposes, a journal which is performing a public duty.

We congratulate Mr. Justice McCARDIE on his blunt, downright statements.

We congratulate ourselves for having the support of such a wise and wide-awake judge. And we congratulate our millions of readers whose loyal and continued allegiance to JOHN BULL has enabled us to develop the power to use this journal as an instrument for their own protection.

Muddling along

The Government is still muddling with the urgent problems of rail and road transport, but they might have



He knows the public wants protection—and "John Bull" gives it

been solved by now had the Minister of Transport been in the Cabinet.

His predecessor was a Cabinet Minister, and as Lord Snowden's resignation left a vacancy in the Cabinet, why not fill it by promoting Mr. Pybus?

A flood peril

A fortnight ago we called for immediate action to stop the dangerous floods of the river Spey in Morayshire, of which there have been nearly seventy in seven years.

We criticised the inactivity of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, whose estate adjoins the river, the Moray County Council, and the Department of Agriculture.

Duke's example

The ink was hardly dry on our pages when a party of the Duke's workmen arrived to carry out our suggestion that an old mouth of the river should be cleared, and hundreds of tons of shingle have already been removed.

We congratulate the Duke on his prompt action. Now, following his excellent example, the other responsible authorities should get a move on.

Let's go shares

Northumberland miners are asking the colliery owners to prohibit overtime. They point out that because some of them have to work extra hours, hundreds of their fellows are kept unemployed.

It would be a good thing for the country if their lead was followed by workers in all industries.

That overtime should still be worked while we have three million unemployed is neither common-sense nor fairplay.

Mothers don't count

Rochdale has the highest maternal death-rate in the country. The town council wants to remedy this by building a fine new maternity hospital.

The plans have been amended time after time to meet the requirements of the Ministry of Health, but the Ministry has now ordered them to be scrapped and a new start made on the score of economy!

Meanwhile, the lives of Rochdale

mothers will continue to be endangered. But what is that compared with the sacred cause of economy?

Not cricket

If the next Test match is as unpleasant as the last, it might be a good idea to let the two teams play ludo instead of cricket.

For though W. G. Grace said our national game "would turn a brute into a gentleman," that was in the days when winning didn't mean everything. Now it seems to have caused more ill-feeling between Mother and Daughter country than anything else in history.

Play the game!

This suggests that a lot of people have not only lost their sense of proportion, but have forgotten the wider meaning of the word "cricket."

A suspension of the matches might cool their heated brows and give them time to consider just how the game should be played.

It would be a desperate remedy, true, but anything is preferable to interminable wrangling and bad blood.

Easy money

When the House of Commons re-assembles on February 7 a fresh attempt will be made to restore the pay cuts of teachers, policemen, and others.

Mr. Chamberlain is certain to plead that he can't spare the money.

Which is no answer at all. For, as Lord Snowden has pointed out in JOHN BULL, he could get the money if he cared to tax land values.

Back to Charles I

Clergy in Convocation at Westminster the other day solemnly discussed whether King Charles the First should be put back into the Prayer-book Calendar.

Who cares? Frankly, we don't.

We should have thought there were enough pressing momentous problems facing the clergy to-day to keep them occupied without their wanting to worry about King Charles the First or other ancient lights.

Robbing sick children

Two West London brothers, Sidney and Ernest Stevens, have gone to jail for six months for stealing only seven shillings.

But don't waste your sympathy on them. The money was in a collecting-box for a children's hospital, and they had been previously convicted of similar offences.

We can't imagine a meaner theft.

Vote of censure

A South Shields man has gone to jail for six months for neglecting his children. Evidence was given that six children had to sleep with their sick mother in one bed.

The Bench described the man's conduct as very bad. No doubt it was. But what of the housing authorities that allow such abominable overcrowding?

In our opinion, they deserve equal censure.

Tragic idiocy

After sampling some of officialdom's queer little ways, you might be pardoned for getting a trifle cynical about the mentality of our local rulers.

Particularly if you were taken ill in

one of London's suburbs and had to be rushed to a metropolitan hospital.

You would be put into a suburban ambulance and driven to the boundary of his particular district. Then, no matter what the weather, you would be transferred to a London ambulance to complete the journey to hospital—alive or dead.

Penalising bravery

Let us hope the latest example of mean officialdom will never be beaten.

When the steamer *Ford Castle* arrived at Sunderland, Customs officials demanded duty on a gold watch which the mate had received and on silver watches presented to four of the crew for their bravery in rescuing some of the sailors on the blazing French liner *Atlantique*.

Only officialdom will be surprised that the men refused to pay.

Silly charges

Sir Ernest Will, the Recorder of London, did very well to protest once more against unnecessary prosecutions for bigamy.

Before him was a poor, respectable woman who had been put to all the worry of an Old Bailey trial though she had not heard of her husband for fifteen years and believed he had been killed in the war.

Sir Ernest described the charge as "silly" and threatened to deprive the prosecution of their costs if it happened again. Why on earth didn't he do so in this case?

The stuff that wins

We can all learn a lesson from the Willesden magistrate.

A rate-defaulter said: "I see no prospect of getting work, so I had better go to prison straightaway." To which the magistrate answered: "With an attitude of mind like that you will never get work. Face your difficulties and things may soon be better."

Devilish hard. But that's the stuff that wins in the end.

Local nabobs

If some of the local councils that are crazed with the economy mania began to cut down their own expenses, they would get our praise rather than censure.

The South Wales Public Economy Association points out that one Welsh council sent seven members to the Midlands to interview a nurse who had applied for a job. The cost of the jaunt was £267.

But our local nabobs would be the last to agree that economy begins at home.

Hearts of oak

We are receiving many letters from policy-holders in the Hearts of Oak Assurance Company. Apparently no direct information about the proposed winding-up of this concern has been issued to them.

It is high time the Industrial Assurance Commissioner issued a general statement. Meanwhile, those in doubt should write to him at 17, North Audley Street, London, W.1.

But don't think, as some people have done, that the company in difficulties has any connection with the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society.

Mare's nest

Southend—and 5,000 unlucky men—have good reason to hate Dame Rumour.

A London newspaper recently reported that the town had a £3,500,000 relief scheme on hand. Since then workless men have been flocking into the town, and it has now for the first time over 5,000 names on the local unemployment register.

Unfortunately, the report was unfounded. But the next time you hear some idiot bleating that the unemployed are lazy, tell him of those 5,000 men.

HERE is the auctioneer mentioned in this article who was forcibly prevented from conducting a tithe sale at Stelling Minnis, Kent. The loss of his hat while under police protection turned the farmers' scowls into amused grins.



The CHURCH'S Pound of Flesh

"God save us from these raiding priests,
Who seize our crops and steal our beasts,
Who pray 'Give us our daily bread,'
And take it from our mouths instead."

THAT is not a verse from some anti-religious song. It is not a fragment from the Middle Ages.

You can hear it sung to-day in scores of places throughout the heart of the English countryside. Not by atheists and malcontents, but by decent British yeoman farmers, men who by training and tradition are the friends of the Church, and whose ancestors have been its mainstay through all the centuries of its history.

To such a pass have the latest phases in the "tithes" war brought us, making enemies of those two friends, the Church and the Land, sowing ill-will, contempt of the law, and devastating huge tracts of once fertile farm land.

People who live in towns have only the barest inkling of the causes of this conflict. The situation that is developing, however, is serious enough—too serious for those (and that is most of us) whose affections and interests are bound up with the two sides who are at war.

That verse I quoted at the head of this article you will hear sung on the village greens in dozens of places throughout the "war" area by hundreds of farmers who have come banded together, some of them scores of miles, to obstruct the auction sale of a brother farmer's property and furniture, distrained for non-payment of tithe.

"Harsh, unjust"

EVERY year "Queen Anne's Bounty," the official name of the collectors of tithes on behalf of the Church, demands over £2,100,000 from the farm lands of this country.

Its present claims are based on an Act of Parliament passed in 1925. The farmers state that the settlement made by this Act is harsh and unjust, and that they cannot pay.

The farmers' just case I will state simply and clearly later on. But you should know first that it has been turned down absolutely, and that all their attempts at conciliation have been ignored by Queen Anne's Bounty, which is pressing forward, by every means possible, for every penny that the law has given it, except in a few isolated cases where Queen Anne's Bounty has considered a special hardship.

And these are a few of the recent happenings:

At Sudbury in Suffolk, a few weeks ago, the county court judge made over 200 distraint orders against farmers in one day.

A few days later, Judge Clements, at Canterbury, made over fifty orders in one day. On another occasion, when more orders were asked for, this judge said that he was not prepared to grant them unless the tithe-owners appointed their own officers to carry them out. He stated that the court bailiffs could no longer cope with the volume of work placed upon them.

All over the country, and particularly in East Anglia, Kent and Essex, these distraint orders are a frequent occurrence.

In the efforts to carry out the distraints there have been ugly incidents by the score, in some of which weapons have been used and men have been injured. Decent, law-abiding men, deprived of a remedy for a grievance, are not disposed to hold the law too much in respect.

In Suffolk, recently, a squad of forty police was mobilised during the removal of some stacks which had been sold from a distrained farm in spite of every obstruction to the sale by neighbouring farmers. To stop the removal the farmers felled trees across the roads and scored them with deep trenches. They defeated every effort to bring away the stacks, and the buyers were compelled at last to leave them on the property.

At Stelling Minnis, in Kent, an auctioneer who had been specially brought from Folkestone to sell up the household goods of a distrained small farmer, was hustled off his rostrum almost as soon as he opened the sale, and had to be escorted away from the property and through the cordon of angry farmers by the police.

Before this happened he had succeeded in knocking down some goods. Hence, perhaps, the farmers' anger.

The next night this auctioneer's house was tarred and feathered from roof to ground, and a few days later the tithe-owners announced the return of the sold goods to the dispossessed farmer.

Farmers rallying

AUCTIONEERS in many places are now refusing to act for the tithe-owners at these distraint sales. They are mostly rendered useless by the farmers who rally round their brother in misfortune.

Specimens of the bids made at these sales are: 3s. 6d. for a haystack, 10d. for a farm wagon, 2d. for a pig, 1d. for a sheep, and so on. They are the prices, too, at which the goods and animals are sold. After the sale they are returned by the buyers to the distrained farmer.

The farmers are now well organised in their methods of resisting distraint. In some districts they have a system of warning each other by messages during the day, and even by rockets at night, when a swift removal of goods from some distrained farm is suspected.

But if these are some of the immediate effects of the harsh obduracy of Queen Anne's Bounty,

by

F. C. KRAILING

Member of the Council of the National Tithepayers' Association

there are others just as serious which the country will feel for years to come.

British land is being driven out of cultivation because the unpaid tithes remain a first charge on farms after they have been vacated by a farmer on distraint. New farmers will not take them on with this added burden.

The damage thus done extends already to some thousands of acres, and it is almost irreparable. It is an axiom that arable land, which can go to weed and waste in a year, takes seven years to set right again.

Among the many cases of land made derelict by tithe, there is one particularly sad case of which I know.

In Suffolk there is an old hospice dating back to Elizabethan times. It is a refuge for old, infirm men, where they can end their days in peace after their lifetime's toil on the land. By its charter its chief support is the rentals from neighbouring extensive farm lands.

This land now produces no more than is necessary for payment of the tithe. Nothing is left after this pound of flesh is demanded for the support of the hospice, and it can carry on no longer. It is compelled to end now its three centuries' record of quiet, beautiful charity.

Church must decide

THE 1925 Act fixed the annual tithe payment per acre which the farmer is called upon to pay the Church. It also added an overriding payment whereby in 85 years all tithes were to come to an end. Furthermore, this annual tithe, and the added instalment which is to liquidate tithes for ever, are fixed amounts for the next 80 years.

This is precisely the farmers' complaint. The sums laid down in the 1925 Act are based on war prices for farm produce. Since then produce prices have broken to smithereens. To-day it needs twice as much to pay the tithe as it did in 1925. If the farmer pays, he has no money left for maintenance and cannot carry on.

That is a plain statement of his position. It has been laid before Queen Anne's Bounty, but it has turned a deaf ear towards all pleading for a moratorium or a revision.

Its last move was a few weeks ago. It destroyed the last hope of conciliation and peace by refusing a request by official bodies like the Central Chamber of Agriculture and the National Farmers' Union for an impartial enquiry to consider whether the 1925 arrangement was fair and just, or whether any change of legislation was necessary.

By this action it is perpetuating the tragic happenings of the last months, and preparing the way for worse.

Let these happenings be a solemn warning to the Church.

The farmer is not denying the Church's right to tithe, which has been secured to it since feudal days. He only pleads that he should pay in accordance with the value of the produce of the land, the only fair basis.

Behind Queen Anne's Bounty stands the Church. It has a golden chance to speak now, to make a gracious gesture and give the farmer the privilege that no debtor is refused by any court.

Or it can remain silent and let Queen Anne's Bounty demand its full pound of flesh, and thus, while preaching the cause of universal peace, sow the seeds of dissension and civil war in the fields at home. Which will it choose?

SHE MAY PLUNGE a NATION into WAR...

The Most Dangerous

PERHAPS you have pictured her as a siren—vampish, arch-eyed, as sinister a figure as ever pulled the wires behind a throne. In that case you are wrong.

A nation may crash in revolution at her bidding. Yet if you met her in a country lane you would think of her as pretty Mary of the milk-maid nursery rhyme. For her beauty is of that kind. It depends on the cleanness, freshness and delightful colouring of her skin rather than on cheeks that are a little too plump and teeth that are slightly protruding.

Of facial tricks and artifices, such as lowering the eyelids, or pouting prettily, or flinging back the head to attract attention to her lovely Titian hair, she has none. Indeed, she is shy with the shyness of a young woman unused to meeting people unchaperoned.

She is silent when men talk, as if to say: "I leave all talk on anything except domestic matters to the stronger sex." And, finally, even in the presence of other pretty women, she seems to prefer the background to the limelight.

Nocturnal visits

Exotic? Why, the Press photographers of twenty different countries have cursed her homeliness. If she applied for a Joan Crawford part at Hollywood they would laugh at her as an artless country girl, and send her home with a word of good advice.

Such is, astonishing as it may seem, the most dangerous woman in Europe to-day.

Such is Madame Magda Lupescu, the woman who has turned a King's brain, the woman whose cunning, intrigue and almost hypnotic power over the Court of Rumania has led to rumblings which may yet threaten the peace of Europe. She has the look of the lamb but the calculating brain of a Madame Pompadour.

To-day the crowd yells insults at her gates—the gates of the Bucharest mansion from which she can steal at nights, unseen, to visit the King.

High officers of the Army have taken a pledge to kill her. University students would be happy to throw away all high ambition for what they would regard as the still higher ambition of assassinating her to save their country.

Shots have been fired in her presence, some of which, despite the smoke-screens of secrecy that have been thrown up afterwards, must surely have been intended to take her life.

Planning the coup

Even revolution is probable on her account. Yet to-day it seems as if her Royal lover will let anything happen rather than that he should lose her.

Time and time again King Carol has tried to tear her out of his life, only to realise that he is utterly and hopelessly incapable of giving the final tug that will tear her out of his heart.

Was there ever such a human contrast as Madame Lupescu?

See her as I saw her when she was in England with Carol plotting for his return to the throne, then visualise her as she is to-day dominating Rumanian politics, determined to be Queen, and equally determined that Carol shall be King and Dictator too, and judge for yourself.

It was in the garden of a country

house in Godstone, Surrey, that I first met her, on a May morning of 1928. Carol was indoors, scheming to get the throne of Rumania by a coup, but pretending that he was merely waiting "the call."

She was outside, wandering about the grounds with a tennis racket swinging in her hand. Why was it, I wonder, that no one ever saw her inside that house—certainly not anyone who did not belong to Carol's own party?

But before I was permitted to speak to her I had first to talk to Carol.

A big man. A remarkably strong-

looking man. A man so obsessed with the fact that his photographs showed him to be weak and decadent that he was for ever tearing off his tennis blazer to brace up his powerful arm muscles to show that he wasn't.

"Speak to her, certainly, if you get her permission," he said in perfect English. "But you had better get one of my young friends to accompany you as she can't speak a word of English."

I moved to obey, but was halted by a word from him as a fear crept into his mind.

"You are not going to paint her as a courtesan?" he asked anxiously.

We moved to the window together, as I gave my assurance. We could see her looking over a rustic bridge into a tangle of water-lilies.

"So much has been written about her and me that it is really so much nonsense," he said. "Such a lot of nonsense about illicit love, infatuation and the rest. The one thing people don't want to read about us is the truth."

He almost startled me when he spoke again, after a moment of silence. "Are

you under the impression that she is living in this house?" he asked.

"You don't know? Well, I can assure you she isn't. She is living some distance away from here, and we only meet to walk in the garden."

Carol talked politics for a moment and then returned to the subject that obviously interested him more.

"The truth about my little friend," he continued, "is that she is the other half of my being, the other half of my brain. The story that I renounced my claim to the throne because of her is a lie. I was compelled to leave Rumania for purely political motives, largely because I was an enemy of certain graft and bribery that existed there."

"I need her"

"She stood by me as nobody else did. Her sympathy and understanding was a thing I was entirely unable to do without. I don't think I ever shall be able to do without it."

"It may not sound right to English ears that I should have her with me just because she is essential to me in that way, but there—England is England and Rumania is Rumania."

"You may never have heard what a French writer wrote about us. A sweeping thing. And untrue, of course. 'In Rumania,' he wrote, 'a man is without honour, a woman without virtue, and no flowers will grow.' There is a certain wisdom in it."

"Few flowers will grow because of the oil in our soil. One day, when I am King, I am going to see the country wrest the wealth it deserves from that oil. As to a lack of honour, there is a tremendous amount of corruption which I shall remove."

"Then as to virtue—well, Rumania is virtuous according to its lights. There is a primitiveness among the peasants that you might interpret as a lack of virtue. But as to educated men and women—well, there is a freedom between the sexes that seems puzzling to you English."

"Just a friend"

He walked to the door. "And now," he said, "we shall see my little friend."

We did, in company with two of those strange young men who were always with him, men who wore tennis dress with a tiny "C" knitted on the shirt pocket as if it were a uniform.

I can do little but describe her. She had not much to say.

Yes, she did like England. No, she knew nothing about what was happening in Rumania. She was not interested in politics. Yes, she was quite happy, and again No. She would not like to make her home here.

Of course she was nothing but a friend of Carol? Yes, nothing but a friend. Just that.

Yet there was the manner in which she spoke. That told me much more.

She stood at a sort of limp attention, like a schoolgirl accepting a prize. She blushed at each question, and blushed again as each reply was translated. She spoke so quietly, as if too shy to make herself heard.

I have said that her appearance told me much more than her actual words. I am afraid it lied to me.

If I had believed her eyes, strong brown eyes that never wavered for a



"A big man. A remarkably strong-looking man." King Carol of Rumania

by MAURICE FAGENCE

WOMAN in EUROPE

moment, I might have glimpsed in them something of the determination that has since proved this angelic-looking creature to be an arch-mistress of intrigue under whose influence Ministries are made and unmade and a nation has more than once been driven to the brink of civil war.

But I judged her by her shyness, freshness, apparent lack of worldliness, and so believed all that Carol told me.

Subsequent events have proved how

it, insinuated that it was for the best—but remained in Switzerland under the guard of Constantin Dimitrescu, Carol's favourite among those strange young men of his exile.

Iron Guard's plots

I know how she slipped back to Rumania at the first opportunity, obliterating herself so effectively in Bucharest that Cabinet Ministers said quite honestly, believing it to be true, that she was not in the country.

I know how she fought—and won in the end—when well-meaning political leaders all but persuaded Carol to become reconciled to his wife, Helen.

I know that the army officers have a secret society called the "Iron Guard," whose aim is to smash her power, that students have plotted against her, that the mob howls at her gate even to-day, and that when an officer was found with a smoking revolver in her room she just said, coolly:

"I asked him to unload it for me and it went off. How stupid of me."

And I know that it was as near as other shots have been that "went off" in her presence.

Poisoned . . . !

Eighteen months ago when Carol had all but been persuaded to give her up, she was found ill, poisoned with veronal.

The royal doctor attended her, and knew at once that she could never have believed it would be a fatal dose.

And so her "affaire" with the King flamed up again.

Then she conveniently appeared at a window of her house when troops were passing, smiled, and so won a royal salute that cost the sergeant who ordered it his stripes.

More recently powerful leaders who have always been against Carol's association with her—Dr. Julius Maniu, a former Premier, among them—became so insistent in their demands that it should end once and for all that Carol was frightened.

He actually summoned up enough courage to invite her to go to Nice till the latest trouble had died down.

But such a woman as Madame Lupescu, who is determined to be a Queen, with her King-lover as Dictator, was not going to be put off as easily as all that.

And so she told him to screw up a different sort of courage and make himself the strong man of the situation. And once more he surrendered.

He has made Dimitrescu, that young favourite and the most sinister man in



Tragic figures in this amazing drama—Helen, Carol's Queen, and their son, Prince Michael

wrong I was. They will also provide you with the contrast.

I have learned since that she is a divorced wife, the mother of a daughter who died at birth and another who lived only a year: all before she met Carol. I could never have imagined that.

I know how she wept when Carol flew back to become King, said "Good-bye" to him for ever as if she meant



Madame Nagda Lupescu, "the woman who has turned a King's brain"

Rumanian politics, his closest adviser. And Dimitrescu has made his own father head of the national gendarmerie, and a puppet of his, Colonel Marinescu, chief of the Bucharest police.

And Madame Lupescu has told the King whom to promote.

Now another Cabinet has fallen and another puppet Ministry been set up in its place, with Carol as Dictator in all but name. And behind him still stands the real dictator of his, and a nation's, chequered fortunes—and she a woman.

Perilous love game

So the rumble of approaching revolution grows louder and more threatening.

Or will it end in something less than revolution—in the assassination of Madame Lupescu?

Or in war itself? For that possibility is not so fantastic as it seems.

Rumania is a member of the Little Entente, and therefore under strong French influence, and Carol, himself a Hohenzollern, is moving towards Germany and Italy, aided and abetted by his "little friend."

If the balance of power is upset, complications may ensue. And where complications are international war may result.

Who can say—when the central figures in this amazing drama are a King who gambles with his throne for love and a woman whose determined ambition to be his Queen has torn a nation in two?

JOIN THE Prosperity Drive!

THE tremendous "On to Prosperity" contest with its gigantic first prize of £25,000 for sixpence, and launched to raise funds on behalf of our hospitals, has stirred the country.

JOHN BULL gives its wholehearted and cordial support to this great nation-wide appeal, and urges all its readers to enter.

The idea of a "Prosperity" contest in connection with the hospitals is a particularly happy one. The competition will do its share in helping to spread the feeling of confidence in the future of the nation. Prosperity for the nation will in turn bring better times for the hospitals.

The British Charities Association—in conjunction with whom the great "On to Prosperity" contest has been launched—has a splendid record of public service.

Every penny of the profits will be handed over to the hospitals, and the full amount of the prize money is guaranteed by the *Daily Herald*. The first prize is the enormous sum of £25,000 in cash if the winner is a registered *Daily Herald* reader, or £20,000 if he or she is not.

All you are asked to do in this contest is to choose the best 12 out of the 28 slogans listed on the entry form on page 16. Use all your judgment and skill in making your selection. Indicate the 12 slogans you select by placing a cross against each one in the entry column you complete. There is no order of merit required.

You may enter as often as you please, and further entry forms appear in the *Daily Herald* every day.

Entry form on page 16.



There is nothing "like Ovaltine" for giving Glorious Health

THERE are definite reasons why "Ovaltine" possesses *unequalled* properties for giving and maintaining health, strength and vitality.

"Ovaltine" is a *scientific* product—made from the highest qualities of Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs. Unlike other preparations, it *does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to lower the price, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa.*

The exclusive formula to which "Ovaltine" is prepared results in a *correctly balanced* and *easily-digested* tonic food, complete in all the nutritive elements essential to health. The scientific process of manufacture—which *cannot be improved upon* or used for any other product—extracts all these vital elements unimpaired, and presents them in a concentrated form, entirely free from starch and other undesirable features.

Remember these facts. Remember also that when you buy "Ovaltine" you obtain *more* in value—that is, *more* in quality and *more* in quantity. "Ovaltine" is the best and most economical food beverage you can buy.

For your Health's sake drink delicious
'OVALTINE'
Tonic Food Beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain & N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10, & 3/3 per tin.

IMPORTANT

You cannot obtain "Ovaltine" quality at a lower price. Only by rearranging the proportions of its constituents and by adding a large percentage of a cheap ingredient, such as household sugar, could the price be reduced. But the result would not be "Ovaltine." It would not then possess those supreme health-giving properties which have made delicious "Ovaltine" a household necessity in every country in the world.

WHAT CONNECTION HAVE CHILBLAINS WITH FALSE TEETH?

NOTHING—EXCEPT THE WHOLE OF YOU!

There is a very old chestnut, which you probably remember, about the farmer 'up from the country' who was taken to the Zoo, and on being shown a giraffe for the first time, turned to the keeper and exclaimed 'there ain't no such animal!'

The only reason for repeating this story here is that it proves there is sometimes a limit to what some people will believe. And this article is concerned with something which, though a matter of plain fact, may seem at first, like the giraffe, a little incredible.

In 1916 there was first put on the market a product known everywhere to-day as Milton. The proprietors stated that it had a hundred and one uses. As a matter of fact it has many more! But so incredible did this sound that presently they found that it was easier to sell Milton for one use at a time.

They advertised it as the only scientific cleanser of false teeth. And to-day millions of bottles are sold every year for this purpose alone. They advertised it during summer-time as a cure for insect bites and stings. And hundreds and thousands of people now rely on Milton for this summer use.

Because Milton never fails! Not a claim is made for it that Milton does not fulfil. And now the proprietors have collected the various uses of Milton and set them out in a little book entitled '154 ways to use Milton'—many of them of first importance to you in winter-time—for sore throats it may be, or for chilblains, for colds, for aching feet, for cold-spots on the lips, for catarrh! In every one of these and its other uses Milton has been proved to be unrivalled by any other preparation. For every purpose stated in this book, Milton has been used successfully for sixteen years.

Milton, in fact, is a hundred and fifty-four products in one! A big claim in itself—but the truth of which you *can* and *should* prove. The book is packed with every bottle.

Milton costs sixpence.

Result of "FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

SECTION 1.

22 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 2.

39 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 3.

28 winners share prize of £20.

SECTION 4.

122 winners share prize of £20.

Full list of names and addresses of winners can be seen at "John Bull" Offices, and all have been notified and cheques despatched.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Heller when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair. Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 W.A.), London, W.1.

Strangling A GREAT Industry



by
A. G. GARDINER

THE riddle of the British railways is still unsolved.

The latest attempt at a solution leaves the position where it was. The companies asked for a cut in wages to the tune of between four and five millions, and the enquiry over which Sir Harold Morris, the chairman of the National Wages Board, presided collapsed at the challenge.

Sir Harold proposed a cut of some three-quarters of a million which the companies at first declined and then accepted, and which the unions declined and have not since accepted. And there that phase of the matter stands at present.

I share Mr. Cramp's surprise at the action of the companies in finally accepting Sir Harold's proposal.

Three-quarters of a million is neither here nor there. It is too negligible a sum to be worth fighting about. It will neither help the companies to do anything substantial for the unfortunate shareholders, nor will it enable them to reduce freightage rates on a scale that will help the railways to compete effectively with road transport.

Meanwhile this vast industry—in the past one of the two or three greatest and most stable industries in the country—crumbles before our eyes.

In it are invested hundreds of millions of the savings of this country. There is hardly one of us who, directly or indirectly, is not involved in the wreckage. If we do not hold shares ourselves, the insurance companies and friendly and thrift societies in which we have invested hold them for us. And they have seen the securities on which their solvency largely rests wither and waste away.

National reproach

Added to all this private and corporate loss is the loss to the State from the decline in income-tax from one of the most consistent sources of our national revenue.

And there is this further fact: Wages cuts or no wages cuts, an impoverished and decadent railway system spells disaster to one of the most numerous sections of labour in the country.

These considerations make the crisis in the railways as urgent as any of the problems that perplex us. And the failure of the Government—not this Government only, but every Government since the war—to grapple with it is a reproach to the country.

That reproach continues. It is months since the Salter Report was issued, and it is still kept in cold storage. Nothing is done about it and nothing seems likely to be done.

Yet that report goes to the heart of the railway problem, and proposes reasonable and moderate legislation which if it were put into operation would do more than any conceivable cut in wages to stop the rot in the railways,

"This enterprise opens up a new vista of railway development"—a Southern Railway train on its new electric way to Brighton

even if it did not restore their former prosperity.

Everyone knows what the chief cause of the rot is. It is the competition of road transport, which in the course of a single generation has changed the face of the country and the travelling habits of the community.

At the beginning of this century the railways had a practical monopoly of the goods and passenger traffic of the country.

The new Age

To-day that monopoly has gone. Whether for long distances or short, more and more people who formerly had to travel by rail are now travelling by road, and more and more heavy loads which went by goods train are now transported on lorries over the public highways.

This is not a matter for regret. It is a matter for satisfaction. If the Age of Steam is being superseded by the Age of Petrol it is because the new mode of traffic serves the public interest better than the old.

But there is one important considera-

tion to keep in mind. Great as the progress of motor traffic has been, it is not and cannot be a complete substitute for the railway. There may come a time when the road will do all that the railway can do; but that time is not yet. We must have the railways as the duplicate string to our bow. We cannot do without them.

And since we must have them, we must make it possible for them to live. They must have a square deal and not be bankrupted by a cut-throat competition.

That is their position to-day. They are being driven into insolvency by a rival which has not had to bear the vast cost of building permanent ways, but has the free use of the roads which the public taxpayers, including the railways themselves, have had to construct.

In the struggle the railways are handicapped by statutory burdens that the rival knows nothing of. It was not until a year or two ago that they were permitted to enter into competition on the roads themselves.

The Salter Report is a belated attempt to put road and rail on equal terms and to correct some of the disabilities under which the railway labours in the competition.

The fact that it was signed by the representatives of the motor interests as well as by the representatives of the railways is sufficient evidence that the proposals were both moderate and indisputable.

On what ground, therefore, is it put away in the pigeon-holes of a Government department, as if it had no more relation to urgent public needs than an Egyptian papyrus?

Not that I think the Salter Report is

the final word on this great matter. I have urged in these columns that the only solution of the transport problem is that road and rail should be under a single statutory authority, and should be administered not as rival services but as complementary services, each fulfilling its own proper functions in supplying the public needs.

Given a bold and enlightened statesmanship, there is a future for the railways which would not prejudice the development of motor transport.

We have an illustration of what that future may be in the electrification of the London-Brighton line and the inauguration of a new and rapid service between the Metropolis and the southern coast.

This enterprise opens up a vista in which seaside resorts like Eastbourne, Hastings and Folkestone will be nearly as accessible to the London worker as Woolwich or Hampstead.

And what is possible in railway development between London and the South Coast is possible in relation to the network of communications over the whole country.

The railways are not obsolete. They are not perishing because they are not wanted. They are perishing because they have been badly administered, strangled by antiquated restrictions, cluttered up with out-of-date methods and bankrupted by a new and energetic rival.

Unused resources

They have a great future, but they must be modernised and equipped to meet the requirements of that future.

That means money, and it is unlikely, with the recent tragic experience of the railways, that the private investor will risk his savings again in railway development.

But with the vast resources that are lying unused in the banks it is as absurd to say that we cannot afford so necessary a public work as the reconditioning of the railways as it is to say we cannot afford to clear away the infamous slums of our great cities.

In both cases the nation must underwrite the task. And in both cases the result will be both morally and materially profitable.

Not from B.B.C.—Larwood Broadcasts from where

All's Unquiet on the Test Front

OLD England I left to play cricket,
And it comes as a bit of a shock
To be told that I may
Be forbidden to play
And may have to appear in the dock!

I've now been informed that my bowling,
In the eyes of the law, is a crime;
So before the next Test
They may have me arrested—
Ed, and sent off to jail to do time!

For bombs they seem anxious to search
me,
But, despite all this dangerous talk,
Not one weapon at all
Have I used but a ball
Which is made out of leather and cork!

There has been much chatter of late about what is and is not "cricket"; but more startling than the screams of the Press gang—some of whom were once cricketers, while others have never "played the game"—is the declaration of Mr. Justice Sheridan, an Australian judge, that leg-theory bowling "is covered by the criminal law."
According to this legal luminary: "It is a serious offence recklessly and wan-

tonly to harm any person, even without malice." The implication, of course, is that I have been trying to win the Ashes back for England by wounding and maiming as many as possible of our opponents.

Judging by the orgy of squealing and ink-spilling that has accompanied the third Test, one might well imagine the Adelaide Oval dotted with the corpses of batsmen and the grand-stand in use as a casualty clearing-station.

Yet all that has happened is that a couple of Australian players have been struck by a cork-and-leather ball weighing five ounces—and bowled on each occasion in the most orthodox manner.

It is, of course, unfortunate that even minor injuries should be sustained by anyone during a Test match; but in the past similar cracks have been taken by both sides without whining.

Also, may I remind my Australian friends that it was their own poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon, who wrote: "No game was ever yet worth a rap for rational man to play into which no accident or mishap could possibly find its way?"

Following the declaration of Mr. Justice Sheridan, it is possible that some

barracker may apply for an injunction to restrain me bowling leg theory (he may also seek to restrain Jardine from wearing his Harlequin cap), or I may even be arrested and charged with assault and battery.

No bowler is at his best with a vision before him of the gallows, surrounded by rejoicing barrackers. But, nevertheless, I contrive to remain calm; for, really, it is all rather comic, especially in view of the fact—well known to former (and less talkative) Australian cricketers—that there is nothing new in leg-theory bowling.

The bowler has a ball—
And that is all!

The batsman has a bat—
And that is that!

If he cannot stop the leather
With his bat, he earns no feather
For his hat!

Although the learned judge
Is talking fudge:
The court may later feel
Inclined to deal

With the Ashes if we gain them—
And the losers may retain them
On appeal!

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 required.

Why not be a

REAL KING?

DEAR FUAD.—Grave questions will shortly have to be discussed between your Government and ours. Are we to leave Egypt altogether? You say so.

I am writing this so near to your palace in Cairo that I might as well deliver it by hand, or call and utter my opinions, very respectfully, by word of mouth, except that I am told you do not like the Press. For I have just returned to your capital after visiting the tombs of the great Kings of Egypt, your predecessors in the dim semi-historic past.

Each of them, carved in stone, contains the proud record of their great achievements. As most of them wrote their own obituary notices, I may be pardoned if I read them with a certain amount of cynical incredulity.

It is all very well to be told about the "Great" Rameses, but, so far as I can see, he did not design his own temple, dig his own tomb, paint one of the pictures on the walls or carve one of the images. He just dragooned into service, as did all the other Pharaohs, thousands of servile slaves, and, with whip and the torture, made them glorify his majesty, and immortalise his pomp and his power.

All that led me to wonder, my dear Fuad, what would be inscribed on your tomb, if it were still the fashion to make a pictorial record of an Egyptian King's life even before they buried him.

You were the first King of modern Egypt. With the British consent, although they were forced, of course, to grant your country independence, you were chosen as Sultan when the prince first elected said he preferred a pleasant life in Europe. Then, ten years ago, you became "King Fuad I," the founder of a new dynasty.

And, with reservations, the British "got out." True it is that they have 10,000 troops in your country, and that they remain to guard the Suez Canal, and—so they say—to protect the many foreigners who, in your country, do most of the trade and are those who stand for nearly all the progress.

Well, I should put on your tomb—as I cannot draw or carve or paint, I should have to write it—that, so far, you have

been a rather amateurish patron of the arts and sciences, for societies bob up under your patronage and then do not do much.

You may not know it, but that is how men talk of you.

So I find money being wasted on schemes that seem doomed to failure, while everywhere in Egypt I see the direst poverty and a condition that, from the English point of view, would be one of the deepest shame, had we during our fifty years in your country done nothing to alleviate it.

I see good trams in Cairo and good hotels, fine roads and houses, for the rich, which might belong to Monte Carlo or the best part of Berlin. I find a racecourse in Cairo and another near by, in Heliopolis, which is a modern wonder, telephones—yes, and an Opera House!

But millions and millions of people working on the land earn at the most fivepence a day. They barely subsist on the meanest food. Their mud huts have no sanitation of any kind. Disease wipes them out.

And only a small fraction of your subjects can read or write, while the plight of the womanhood of your land is deplorable in the extreme.

"If we educate the people, they will flock to the towns," say your ruling classes. "Egypt has no unemployment problem. Education would create one."

I realise, when I go round, how true



it is that there is no magic remedy for disease and poverty and crime, but that, gradually, succeeding generations have to improve, each one on the other.

Besides, your people have to learn how to walk before they can run. And your college graduates, taught by books and not by experience, are unfit for responsibility.

Your officials have little or no sense of what we would call a public spirit.

There were recently reported, as one

year's "justice," 3,000 cases of flogging and torturing in police-stations or by minor officials. That must be stopped.

You say you are entitled to the Soudan. Would flogging start there, if the British got out?

Six times in the last two years bombs have been found in public places. Whether enraged citizens put them there, or whether, as some naughty people say, some of them were fakes, this is not the "settled government" which is a necessary preliminary to our complete withdrawal.

I find the veil disappearing. The fez, abolished in Turkey, where you can see the Moslem priests calling the faithful to prayer in bowler hats and trousers, is still generally worn in your country.

You have kept the Tutankhamen treasures in Egypt, where, in the Cairo museum, they dazzle and bewilder with their incomparable beauty. You were right in doing this. The history of Egypt belongs to itself.

But it was Lord Cromer, you know, who stopped the robberies from the tombs of the Pharaohs. It was the French and the British who taught Egypt a proper pride in her heritage. She had looted, wholesale, the treasures of the past and destroyed monuments of indescribable grandeur in order to make walls and houses—yes, and, in one case at least, to build a sugar factory.

But Egypt's real treasures are the potentialities of her population.

Millions of your subjects are, virtually, as much enslaved as they were in the time of the "Great" Rameses.

Free them of the curse of poverty by means of education! Cleanse their hovels! Start a new era, not of extravagance, but of enlightenment. Then you will go down to history as a great king who, having learnt from his British tutors, set an example to all kings who would seek to make their country free.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. MONTAGU C. NORMAN,
Governor of the Bank of England

DEAR GOVERNOR.—So you have decided to ban municipal loans and thus stop development and work schemes in order to keep up the prices of gilt-edged securities.

This is a sad blunder, but probably the Treasury is the real culprit.

You and I will never know how many more men, women and children will be kept on the border line of extreme poverty and misery this winter through this latest move to continue to show the world a superficial national prosperity.

Cannot you put yourself in their place? Rising Government securities are no adequate recompense for empty larders.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN HORNBY,
Farnworth, Bolton

GRABBER.—Though you inherited £2,000 from an uncle and a marriage settlement of £700 from an aunt, you kept quiet about it when applying for transitional benefit.

You got £11, which should have gone to unemployed people who have no rich relatives. And you got away with a fine of £15 when your dodge was discovered. So you seem to have been lucky not only with your uncles and aunts but with the magistrates.

JOHN BULL.

Sir H. KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.—A West London sorter told the Bow Street magistrate the other day how he had been dismissed after being wrongly accused of stealing £250.

He has been refused the opportunity

of clearing his name in court, and as he has no references, he cannot find work, so that he and his family are in great distress.

The magistrate could not help him. You are the only person who can. Months ago I told the whole story of the monstrous way in which this man has been treated, and I repeat my demand—either prove his guilt or reinstate him!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HORACE GELDHARD,
Holmfild Terrace, Bradford

FOOL.—Intent on stopping a dog-fight, you rushed out of your chemist's shop and poured ammonia on one of the wretched animals, blinding it for life.

Though you have been fined £1 and ordered to pay costs for cruelty, I prefer to describe it as the worst piece of stupidity I have heard for a long time.

Keep your drugs on the shelf in future, and take them down only when asked for them.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. E. MARSH,
Food Manufacturers' Association

DEAR SIR.—To my many revelations of the way in which housewives are defrauded and fleeced you have just added another.

Owing to a loophole in the law, large quantities of imported lard are refined in Britain and sold as "British refined lard," so that the housewife naturally thinks she is buying all-British produce.

I hope your evidence will induce the Minister of Agriculture to revise the regulations.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. FOXLEY NORRIS,
Dean of Westminster

REVEREND SIR.—I sympathise with your complaints that there are so many ugly memorials to insignificant and forgotten people in Westminster Abbey that the clergy have no room to walk in procession.

But I can't admire you for refusing to allow these monstrosities to be destroyed.

There is no money to build a special annexe to hold them, and your plea that they should be left to show how taste in this matter has improved during the past few centuries is just silly.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK LORD, Manchester: You want Ministry of Health to stipulate smaller gardens and so pack twice as many council houses into estates. That's the sort of thing that caused the present gardenless slums and back-to-back houses.—JOHN BULL.

PAMELA HUGHES,
Kingswinford, Staffs

HUGHES.—You got off far too lightly when you were fined thirty shillings for inciting your five-year-old child to steal flowers from a grave.

I can't understand the mentality of mothers who teach their children to steal, but neither can I understand the magistrates who deal leniently with them.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. MILNER,
Leeds City Coroner

SIR.—The rap over the knuckles just given you was fully deserved.

At an inquest on a solicitor's clerk, you said it would be much better if the

Hanner Swaffer's

Open Letter to KING FUAD

solicitor gave the bereaved relatives a £5 note instead of expressing sympathy with them. You met with the crushing reply that you didn't know what had been done or will be done for them.

And your retort that you couldn't allow such condolences to be made in your court smacks of heartless officialdom.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN.—Time and again we hear of children being killed or badly injured when celluloid toys catch fire. The latest victim is actually a middle-aged woman in South London.

Most of these things are of foreign manufacture. Why not stop the sale of them, and let our children have the safer and healthier British china or rag variety?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WM. TEELING: A prospective Conservative candidate, you have set fine example by tramping depressed areas as a down-and-out. Too many politicians are content with hearsay rather than first-hand experience.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. FARMSWORTH,
Stockton, Durham

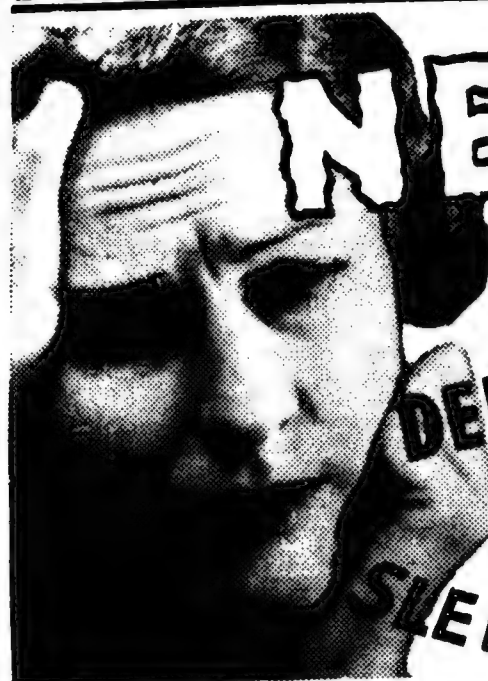
DEAR SIR.—As one of the victims of a common form of official stupidity, you have my sympathy.

A building attached to your garage near Sedgfield was burnt out, its stock destroyed, and a cat and dog burnt to death. Only the direction of the wind saved the petrol pumps from the flames.

And the Stockton fire brigade refused to attend because it has no agreement with the local authority!

JOHN BULL.

FAMOUS PRESCRIPTIONS that RELIEVE SUFFERING PROMOTE HEALTH and SAVE YOU DOCTORS' BILLS



NERVES

DEPRESSION

DEBILITY

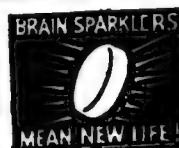
BRAIN FAG

SLEEPLESSNESS

WHY BE A VICTIM OF NERVES?

Start taking these amazing little tablets now—one or two with meals—and in two days' time all trace of Nerves, Neurasthenia, Depression, Brain Fog, Listlessness, Fear of Failure, Irritability, Run-downness, Lack of Concentration, Boredom and general "Fed-upness" will be no more than a bad memory! "Brain Sparklers" revive your interest in life and make work a real pleasure—they have enabled many a brain worker to get a long-wanted "rise." Very likely they will do the same for you! Absolutely harmless and equally good for men or women. Restore your zest and enthusiasm! Banish depression! Surge with new vitality! Start taking this greatest of all mind and nerve tonics now and leave your old jaded self behind.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 470 ("Brain Sparklers.") Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100 Sparklers). Can be taken alternately with No. 632 (see below).



"BRAIN SPARKLERS"

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BRAIN SPARKLERS
TO DAY & BE
RIGHT AS RAIN
TOMORROW!

'BRAIN SPARKLERS' are magic pellets that—

MAKE WORK A PLEASURE.
CURE MENTAL DEPRESSION
RELIEVE THE STRAIN ON THE BRAIN

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Below are further examples of proved domestic remedies supplied by the Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd. Sufferers who have never tried Shadforth Prescriptions will be well repaid if they do so without delay. They are THE WORLD'S BEST PRESCRIPTIONS. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as the leading pharmaceutical chemist is your guarantee of quality and worth. Each remedy is covered by the famous Shadforth £5,000 Guarantee. Order them BY NUMBER!

ALWAYS KEEP THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES IN YOUR MEDICINE CHEST

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstraining nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling to pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470 (Brain Sparklers). See above. Order one of each.

WOMEN OVER FORTY NEED THIS TONIC

WOMAN'S MIDDLE LIFE TONIC.

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anemic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

BILIOUSNESS

CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER TROUBLES.

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, jaundice, gall stones and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,000). Prices: 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).

ACUTE GOUT, ARTHRITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS

For all uric acid troubles, including Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Swollen Joint, and Acute Gout, a world-famed remedy is found in the "Shadforth" Three-fold Treatment (No. 74/T). It promptly reduces swelling and inflammation; it reduces pain and expels uric acid; it kills bacteria in the blood and makes movement a pleasure. The treatment is second to none for Acute Gout. Supplied with full directions at 2/6 and 5/6 (No. 74/T).

SLEEPLESSNESS

Whisky at bedtime induces sleep, but it makes your nerves worse. Sleepless souls will find such simple herbs as gentian, hops, valerian, scullcap, and asafetida safer and of permanent value, they soothe the nerves. Your sleep will be as refreshing as if you lived in a hopfield. Dispensed as Shadforth Prescription (No. 32), in boxes at 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100 pills). One of the most simple and hygienic methods of promoting sleep and suitable for all cases is the HOP PILLOW. Send for No. 5123. Price 10/6.



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The high cost of drugs is hard on the sick. As a large buyer I am able to dispense medicines at reasonable fees. All the ingredients used are of the utmost purity and efficacy; each one is prepared according to a proved and tested formula.

Every sufferer, no matter where he or she lives, can obtain any one of them direct from Shadforth's Pharmaceutical Laboratory or from any chemist at a price they can afford.

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Book No. A 209. John Bull, Jan. 28, 1933.

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NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 225. Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

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ACIDITY, GASTRITIS AND INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fulness after Meals and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077. Popularly known as "White Lions." Prepared after the formula now successfully used in the leading Hospitals and Clinics by Specialists in the treatment of stomach pains and ailments. This prescription is non-purgative. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions). They give prompt relief and comfort.

'FLU COLD IN THE NOSE

CATARRH AND BRONCHIAL COUGH.

'Flu or Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases. The Shadforth Triple Catarrh Treatment (No. 331/T) acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being out of work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famed and reliable remedy is very small. Recommended by Specialists the world over. Price: 2/6, 4/6, and 8/6.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES, STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART,

and add years to your life!

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youthful elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arteriosclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you feel years younger within a few days. Get it now. (Prescription No. 1108/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

All the prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

Deported Invalid OUTRAGE

—DUMPED into ENGLAND
and ABANDONED

ONE of the most scandalous instances of official callousness we have ever encountered is provided by the experience of Charles Andrews, who has just been brought back to this country from Canada in circumstances which demand the fullest enquiry.

His case is far from being a purely personal one, for it involves issues of grave national importance and reveals an astounding laxity in the system under which British citizens who meet with misfortune in the Dominion of Canada are deported to this country.

Charles Andrews is fifty-four, and is alleged by the authorities to be mentally deranged. Yet he was discovered dazed, half-famished and almost collapsing from exhaustion in a field near Westleton, Suffolk, by a farm labourer on his way to work early in the morning of January 2.

When he had been partially revived by the hot tea which the labourer was carrying for his own breakfast, Andrews was able to tell his benefactor that he was trying to find his brother's farm, which he believed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Exhausted

Happily, the man knew of the farm in question and was able to take him there. But for this chance encounter, he might have gone on wandering until he collapsed from sheer fatigue. He had already tramped about throughout the night.

Such was Charles Andrews' return to his native country after an absence of thirty years.

Enquiries which we have made into the circumstances of this poignant homecoming reveal an appalling disregard both for an invalid entrusted to

official care and the interests of the community at large.

How is it that this man, officially alleged to be mentally defective, was permitted to roam the countryside, regardless of whether he might be a danger to himself or his fellow-men?

The authorities on the one hand say that there has been no official neglect. But Andrews' relatives, the man who found him and various other people on the spot who have first-hand knowledge of the case are staggered by this assertion.

Here are the facts:

Towards the close of last year Mr. Harry Andrews, of Westleton, near Saxmundham, Suffolk, brother of the deported man, was officially notified that Charles was being sent back by the Canadian Department of Immigration and Colonisation in London.

"It is alleged," the letter ran, "that your brother is mentally deranged and may require institutional care on arrival in this country. I should therefore be glad if you would kindly be good enough to advise me whether you are able and willing to arrange for the reception and care of your brother on arrival."

Mr. Harry Andrews talked over the problem with his wife in an endeavour to arrive at some decision that would be for the best. He was anxious to do all he could, but as his limited resources were already being taxed to the utmost it was impossible to assume added responsibilities.

He accordingly explained his circumstances to the Canadian authorities, pointing out that, apart from any ques-

tion of finance, his house was a small one with only three bedrooms for himself, his wife, a grown-up son and daughter, and his mother-in-law. With the best will in the world, therefore, he could not hope to make provision in his already overcrowded household for an invalid—especially as it was clearly intimated that he might require "institutional care."

This was duly noted by the Canadian authorities in a letter dated December 20. Yet four days later Mr. Harry Andrews was amazed to receive advice that his brother was already on his way and due to arrive at Liverpool on the s.s. *Montrose* within a week!

Can they prove it?

Mr. Andrews naturally expected to be notified of the arrangements being made for the invalid's reception, but nothing more was heard until the brother was brought in in a collapsed state by the farm labourer who had found him after his dreadful night of aimless wandering.

On his recovery Charles Andrews told a perfectly rational story of having been escorted as far as Darsham railway station, from which point he had been allowed to proceed alone.

He had not a penny in his pockets.

He has since been ill as a result of his exposure, which is not surprising, since Darsham railway station is several miles across country from the point where he was found and fully five miles from his brother's home.

Mr. Harry Andrews immediately wrote to the Department of Immigration and Colonisation in London to protest at the way in which the invalid man had thus been turned adrift. He was told that it was "not at the moment" in a position to deal with his enquiry, which would have to be referred to its agent in Liverpool.

Our challenge

Now comes the biggest bombshell of all. The Department declares that Charles Andrews was not only escorted to his brother's home, but that a receipt was obtained from Mrs. Andrews!

This is in direct contradiction of all the facts, and we challenge the authorities to produce this receipt.

The train by which Charles Andrews was brought to Darsham arrived at 7.30 p.m., and as it would take fully an hour to reach his brother's home, the time of the supposed "handing over" would be about 8.30 p.m.

Both Mr. Andrews and his son were at home at that hour, and can testify that the brother was not brought in, quite apart from which Mrs. Andrews

Mr. Harry Andrews on his farm which his brother Charles (below) was attempting to reach when found half dropping from fatigue and exposure



is most indignant at the suggestion that she "signed" for the invalid.

Then, again, there is Charles' story that he was allowed to proceed from Darsham unescorted, which is confirmed by the evidence of the man who finally found him.

Charles Andrews is now being well cared for; but this fact must not deter the authorities from calling for all the papers and conducting a thorough investigation.

Mr. Harry Andrews has turned to the police for advice, contending that if, as the authorities claim, they hold a receipt, someone must have forged his wife's name. He has been urged to consult a solicitor, but lacking the means he has appealed to us to give publicity to the case "in the public interest." This we gladly do.

The Canadian immigration authorities in London, whom we have interviewed, state that the onus of delivering Charles Andrews at his proper destination rested with officials of a transportation company, and enquiries are now being made in an endeavour to get to the bottom of this astonishing affair.

We shall await the ultimate official explanation with interest.

A BRICK TRICK

CAN anyone tell us what has become of the Lonsdale Development Company, a London firm of builders' merchants dealing in "every description of building materials" and specialising in "breeze blocks and bricks"?

Former clients of this concern would be grateful for information.

Among them is a Croydon firm which was approached by the Lonsdale Development Company some months ago and requested to furnish a quotation for Continental and English tiles.

A quotation was duly given and an order resulted and was fulfilled.

At that time the headquarters of the Lonsdale Development Company was given as Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. But a little later it was intimated that the firm was moving to Ambergate Street, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

When the Croydon firm submitted its account to this second address its letter was returned by the postal authorities.

The proprietor of this vanished company is given on the firm's notepaper as "W. King," but as this individual omitted to lodge any particulars with the Registrar of Business Names, he cannot be traced either.

The Human
Machine

IDLE MILLIONS

UNEMPLOYMENT has long ceased to be a front-page newspaper topic. We have got hardened to it, used to it, inured to it. We have come to regard a vast volume of idle men as a natural part of our national life.

But there is an even vaster volume of unemployment that no one has ever bothered to put in an obscure paragraph, much less on the front page of a newspaper—and that is the number of idle brains and idle minds that exist.

No one knows how many there are. No one even bothers about them. There must be millions and millions.

Idle brains, brains that are never used to produce a single creative thought, are as useless as idle capital. They are idle capital, for a man's brain is the only real capital he possesses. The man who doesn't think—think actively, positively, and creatively—doesn't live. He just slowly and inevitably rusts away.

Thinking is really building, building on facts; and the reason so many minds are unemployed is that they are too lazy to gather the facts that are the foundation of thought.

Supposing you set out to acquire just one new fact a day? Supposing you made up your mind to learn just one new thing about your own job every day?

Has it ever occurred to you what a lot of new ideas would be flooding into your mind before many weeks were past?

For ideas come of themselves once you begin to see facts in their various relations to each other. You get new points of view, new angles on life, new slants on life's problems.

There's no excuse for an unemployed brain. It can always be learning.

GREAT DAILY HERALD 'ON-TO-PROSPERITY' CONTEST



£25,000

TO HELP THE HOSPITALS

for 6^D

Entry Form for "John Bull" Readers

SECOND PRIZE £250;
THIRD PRIZE £100.
£25,000 must be won if winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"—if the winner is not a registered reader, the First Prize will be £25,000.

The whole of the prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald," and the whole of the profits will be distributed by The British Charities Association amongst Hospitals throughout the country.

Organized by the British Charities Association.
Chairman—Lord Leake.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

THE "Daily Herald" Great On-to-Prosperity Contest is open to all. The First Prize is £25,000 if the winner should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald," or £20,000 if he or she is not. All readers of "John Bull" can register, and so be eligible for the extra £5,000, by filling in the Registration Forms which appear regularly in the "Daily Herald."

On the right is your entry form on which you will find 28 slogans. All you are asked to do is to select the 12 best. There is no order of merit required. Use your brains—exercise your judgment and skill. Which twelve slogans are of the greatest National value at the present time?

Fill in the Entry Form on the right, now, while you think of it. You may enter as often as you wish. Further entries may be sent on the forms which appear daily in the "Daily Herald."

OPEN TO ALL.

RULES & CONDITIONS (1). Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2). Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3). In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat the number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4). Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be sent cut out and sent by the competitor to Dept. J.B.2, THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOC., 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5). After the close of the Competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve crosses, in any one column, agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6). In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be combined and divided. If the first prize of £25,000 is divided the additional award of £5,000 will also be divided, and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7). The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and finally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8). Employees of The British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies, and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9). The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

The complete list of prize-winners will be sent to any competitor who sends a stamped addressed wrapper or label (NOT envelope) to The British Charities Association for this purpose.

(10). Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

GREAT "DAILY HERALD" "ON-TO-PROSPERITY" CONTEST TO HELP THE HOSPITALS
FIRST PRIZE £25,000 Second Prize £250
THIRD PRIZE £100
£25,000 must be won if winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"—if the winner is not a registered reader, the First Prize will be £20,000.

ENTRY FORM NO. J.B.2

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!

	One Entry 6d.	Two Entries 1/-	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/-	Five Entries 2/6
1					
2					
3					
4					
5					
6					
7					
8					
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11					
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28					

- Buy more—and help more to buy more.
- Knuckle to—don't knuckle under.
- Never mind the business outlook—look out for business.
- Use idle money and employ the idle many.
- The air of confidence is the finest trade wind.
- Will good—and goodwill will follow.
- A peace policy is the world's life insurance.
- Spend for Prosperity—don't hoard for posterity.
- Optimism pays you—pessimism makes you pay.
- Help the Hospitals—national health means national wealth.
- The tide turns at low water as well as high.
- If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.
- Prosperity—will it come? Yes, "will" it.
- More spending, more working—more working, more spending.
- Let War debts—revive the world.
- Spend wisely now and you'll get a good "deal."
- Come down from the clouds and help to lift them!
- Pay well—it will pay you!
- Let's put Prosperity "on the map" of Britain.
- The highway to Prosperity is through every tradesman's door.
- Don't wait for Better Times—work for them.
- Create confidence by having it.
- Trying times are times to try.
- Good-bye, gloom—come on, boom!
- Determination will bring Prosperity AT last—TO last!
- Spenders make money go round—circulation means Prosperity.
- Get back by pushing forward.
- It'll be a good job for everyone if you find a job for someone.

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries

P.O. is crossed/ & Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

(Block Letters)

(Please write clearly in ink. Please see that your envelope is sufficiently stamped.)

Cut Along Here

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B.2), British Charities Association, 103, Kingway, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)



The special interest of Mr. Herbert Gill (left) has always been the care, training and employment of the blind, here seen in a workshop

Blind Victims of a Shameful COUNCIL Vendetta

POLITICS may be the dirtiest game played. But when the players get to the stage of trampling upon afflicted and helpless people to score petty successes, it is time for drastic intervention.

This is the story of how hundreds of sightless people—adults and children—may suffer as part of a foolish act of political vengeance.

It is necessary in revealing the facts to condemn certain extremist members of a local authority.

They are to be found on the Monmouth County Council, which has been attracting attention from beyond its administrative borders by its tendency to govern by recognised Soviet methods.

For thirteen years a member of the big Labour majority of this county council has been Mr. Herbert Gill, of Abertillery.

His special interest has always been the care and training of the blind poor, and four years ago, after a period of unemployment, he was appointed organiser of the Newport and Monmouthshire Blind Aid Society.

This body, for nearly seventy years, has had the whole responsibility for tending, instructing, and maintaining the many blind people in a large and populous area. Its record of purely voluntary service is recognised both locally and by the national blind-welfare authorities as magnificent.

Marked man

Very soon after his appointment, Mr. Gill states, representations were made to him from certain political quarters that, as he was now back in work, he should give up his seat on the county council in favour of an unemployed man.

A considerable proportion of the members of the local authorities in Monmouthshire are men who have been unemployed for years. It is, perhaps, a consequence of this fact that the idea is undoubtedly held now in this district by certain people that local government service should be an exclusive field for the unemployed.

In one area, the eight members appointed by a local authority to a committee of ten which administers the Means Test and unemployment relief are all unemployed and they review one another's cases.

Councillor Gill refused to listen to the extraordinary suggestion. He held his membership of the council, he pointed out, in trust from his constituents and because of it was better able to champion the cause of the unfortunate blind.

From that moment he became aware that, politically, he was a marked man.

Soon, a real inquisition was upon him. He was ordered to appear before the Trades and Labour Council at Abertillery and demanded to answer an astonishing catechism relating to his public work.

He told the Trades Council, in effect, that it was nothing more than a local

Soviet, and that he would neither accept orders from it nor account to it.

When the next county council election was held, his would-be political masters applied the screw tighter by nominating another candidate in place of Mr. Gill. He accepted the challenge, stood as independent, and retained his seat with ease.

Since then a pitiless war of revenge has been waged against him by extremists on the county council. It does not seem to matter to them that, to strike most effectively at him, they had to deal a blow at the helpless blind whom he has served so well.

Rival body

As the statutory authority for the care of the blind, the county council was persuaded to sponsor a rival organisation to the existing seventy-years-old Blind Aid Society.

The new official body was also supposed to be on a voluntary basis, but no stranger display of "voluntaryism" has ever been seen.

In the first place, the members of the committee—largely composed, of course, of local political celebrities—were allowed to charge travelling costs and given a scale of expenses for performing their voluntary work, the money to be paid to them from voluntary sub-

scriptions given by the public for the blind!

Then, to collect the voluntary subscriptions from the public, it was decided to appoint an organising collector, who was to be paid out of the rates!

This pantomime job was actually offered to Mr. Gill. If he had taken it and accepted a penny of salary from public funds, he would have had to relinquish his seat on the council—which was exactly what his political enemies wanted.

Futile

It is interesting to note that soon afterwards the council did appoint someone. They gave the post to one of themselves and voted some of the ratepayers' money to pay him.

For a time representatives of the Blind Aid Society have done their best to co-operate with this queer committee, which

Withheld

This letter the council refuses to publish and the extremists refuse to allow Mr. Gill to learn its contents, although his chief work is devoted to the blind and he is a member of the council to which it has been sent.

There is every reason to believe that the concealed letter amounts to condemnation for neglect of the blind because of hostility to Mr. Gill and the society he represents, which has done the work voluntarily and splendidly for generations.

Now the extremists have played their last and trump card.

Completely to destroy Mr. Gill and the Blind Aid Society, it has been decided to withdraw all the grants by which the statutory services to the blind have so far been performed.

These include the teachers who visit the blind at their homes, the augmentation of the wages of the employable blind, the maintenance of blind residents in hostels, as well as the training of blind children.

All these services have been performed by the Blind Aid Society which, after its fine record, must now, it seems, pass out of existence, together with its admirable institutions, workshops and the like.

Output boycott

Until now it has employed all the blind people in the county who can work, and, foulest stab of all, the purchase of articles made by these afflicted folk has now been officially boycotted.

Political warfare often has sorry consequences. It has never engendered such cruel tragedy as in this case.

The wells of charity are drying. People are bewildered and will not contribute money to either organisation.

An armistice and investigation by an independent tribunal are imperative.

There can be no more pathetic body of people in this country to-day than these hundreds of sightless men, women and children whose future has been made still darker by this shameful squabble.

*Homely
Wisdom*

A DOOR of HOPE

*by Canon
R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

ANY new utterance of George Bernard Shaw, even of the most casual kind, is sure to be piquant and stimulating, whether you agree with it or not. His sparkling genius can always command attention, especially as under his whimsical way of putting things his intense moral earnestness makes itself felt.

He is lately reported to have said in the course of a speech that the condition of the whole world is so appalling at the present time, and so apparently hopeless, that he can see no way out of the muddle but the way of Jesus Christ.

It would be a mistake to assume that by this statement Mr. Shaw means exactly what a convinced Christian would mean by it. I was his chairman on one occasion many years ago when he definitely declared that he was not a Christian. He explained the confession immediately afterwards by adding that only one Christian had ever lived and that He had been crucified.

Judged by this standard, Mr. Shaw is as good a Christian as most of us; and when he tells us that there is no way out of the morass of poverty, suffering, and

fear into which the world has been plunged, except the way that Jesus Christ both taught and practised, his meaning is plain enough. It is that only a change of heart can deliver us from our troubles.

We have not only to say, but to believe, and act on the belief, that hatred and selfishness are bad policy in the relations of men and nations; that they are keeping the world poor and unhappy; and that at all risks we ought to substitute for them the spirit of friendliness and service and mutual trust. I would have said "the spirit of love," but that Mr. Shaw dislikes the word.

What a paradox it is that in an age when our power to produce the means of life and comfort is greater than it ever was we should be trembling on the very verge of international collapse!

It is morally wrong that millions of men and women in every civilised country should be prevented from earning their bread, and therefore that millions of families should be dwelling within the shadow of starvation.

Look at it as you will, this one grim fact proclaims both civilisation and democracy a failure. They have not solved the problem of enabling human beings

to live together in harmony and mutual confidence; they have not succeeded in making human life as sweet, pleasant and secure as they promised to make it long ago.

Statesmen and financiers alike admit that they have no radical remedy to offer. When our Prime Minister speaks on unemployment, he does so with a faltering tongue; the Governor of the Bank of England honestly and frankly acknowledges that conditions are so complicated that he is unable to see his way through them. And it is the same in every country.

The one and only cure for the present distress of nations is that recommended by Mr. Shaw without much hope that it will be adopted.

No, blind and selfish mankind in the mass will not adopt it. But there is nothing to stop you and me, reader, from living by it where and when we will. And, as Mr. Shaw says in another connection, our nature is such that we get more happiness out of living in this way than out of anything else.

Which at bottom is what Jesus Christ meant when He said: "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."



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75

**SPORTS
packets**

**£8,000
FOR FOOTBALL
RESULTS**

*£400 must be won weekly
(11 matches only). Ask
your tobacconist for B.D.V.
'Sports' entry form.*

**5 for
2d**

GODFREY PHILLIPS
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PROPRIETORS

**NOW ALSO IN PACKETS
10 for 4d.**

The coldest part of the winter is yet to come. Not until late January and February will the bleakest east winds be putting their icy fingers down your neck. Be prepared! Join the wise thousands who have sent up 75 packet fronts from B.D.V. Sports Cigarettes and armed themselves against winter's chilly blast with a fleecy all-wool muffler. Have 5 feet of comfort to wrap round you—a really fashionable muffler, fast-dyed in your correct club colours, or plain blue and white or black and white stripes. Only 75 packet fronts are needed.

Club colours are available for the 4 Divisions of the Football League, 2 Divisions of Scottish League, Rugby League and Speedway Clubs. This offer is open until Easter, 1933.

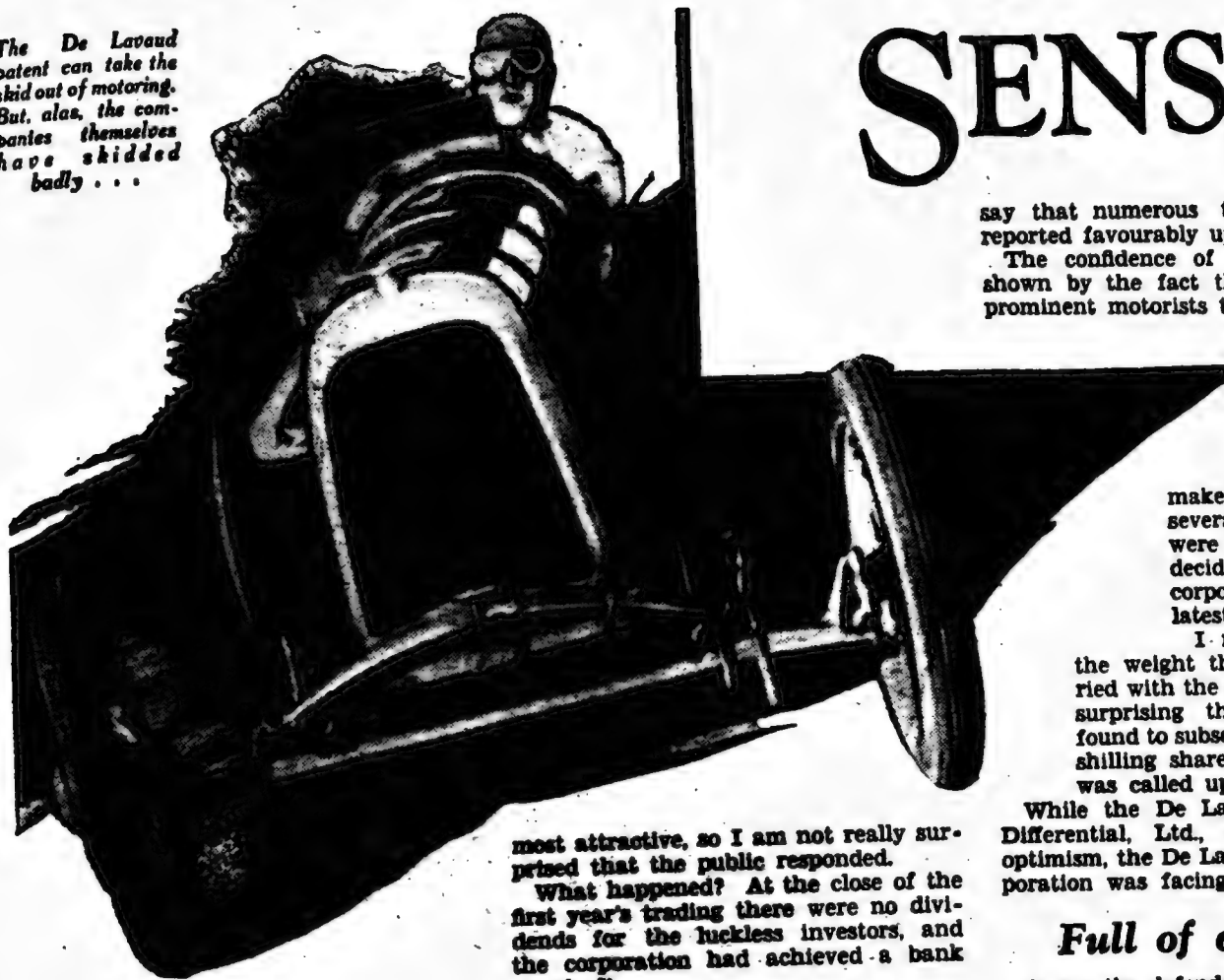
B · D · V



SPORTS CIGARETTES

Double Company Crash SENSATION

The De Lavaud patent can take the skid out of motoring. But, alas, the companies themselves have skidded badly...



Weekly Informations

from SIR

WYNDHAM CHILDS

I HAVE received several letters of enquiry regarding two disastrous concerns which have failed to realise the high hopes held out for them when the public was being approached for financial support.

They are the De Lavaud Holdings Corporation, Ltd., of Clement's Lane, London, and the De Lavaud Free Wheel Differential, Ltd., of Albemarle Street, London, and in the light of investigations I have caused to be made, the anxiety now felt by investors is readily understandable.

The position is that nearly £160,000 of public money has been lost, while investors, who were led to believe that they would secure handsome dividends, have, in fact, received absolutely nothing!

In order to understand the gravity of this double company fiasco it is necessary for me to go back a little and trace the history of the first company from the time of its inception.

Another genius?

The De Lavaud Holdings Corporation, Ltd., was formed in 1928 with the object of carrying on business as manufacturers and dealers in motor-cars of every kind, and in this connection provision was made for acquiring certain patent rights and inventions from a Brazilian engineer named Dimitri Sensaud de Lavaud.

Much was made of this latter point in the details placed before the investing public, De Lavaud being compared with Edison and Marconi.

And it was agreed that £97,475 was to be allotted to him or his nominees in shares, while £13,000 in cash was to be paid to a French company in which he was interested.

In every respect the proposition was

most attractive, so I am not really surprised that the public responded.

What happened? At the close of the first year's trading there were no dividends for the luckless investors, and the corporation had achieved a bank overdraft.

At this sorry juncture the second concern, the De Lavaud Free Wheel Differential, Ltd., came into being. Registered with a nominal capital of £200,000, its object was to buy from the original corporation the right to exploit the same mechanical invention!

In other words, though the first venture had achieved nothing, a new company was launched to carry on in the hope of turning defeat into victory.

Expert opinions

And, in spite of the disastrous year's trading, it was arranged that the second company should pay to the first £25,000 for the privilege of taking over the wreck! And nearly half of this purchase price was to be in cash.

On the other hand, it was now claimed that the success of the invention was almost assured, and it is only fair to

say that numerous technical experts reported favourably upon it.

The confidence of the directors is shown by the fact that they invited prominent motorists to make tests and give their opinions.

Moreover, the invention was available for attachment to many famous makes of car, and several important firms were named as having decided already to incorporate it in their latest models.

I need hardly stress the weight that such facts carried with the public, and it is not surprising that investors were found to subscribe for 379,600 five-shilling shares, of which £94,920 was called up.

While the De Lavaud Free Wheel Differential, Ltd., was thus full of optimism, the De Lavaud Holdings Corporation was facing a crisis.

Full of optimism

It was the defendant in an action set down for hearing before Mr. Justice Maugham in the High Court, and as no representative of the corporation appeared to answer the petition of the leading creditor, an order was made for its compulsory winding-up.

This first disaster would have been bad enough, but within a year of its inception the second company was also in difficulties.

How grave were those difficulties is best shown in a report of an investigation carried out by a famous firm of accountants at the instance of the second board of directors.

Among other things, losses are attributed to the cost of unsuitable materials, defective differentials acquired from the original company, unsuitable tools and jigs and damage to the company's reputation occasioned by placing unsatisfactory differentials upon the market.

There was a factory loss of £10,400,

which included materials and unsold differentials, which had to be scrapped as unsuitable.

But the auditors were unable to say what proportion was lost by scrapping as no particulars were available.

Insufficient sales

As regards the claim that leading firms were adopting the company's patent device, all the investigators could discover was that the total number actually sold by the first company was 279, representing a cash value of a paltry £2,402.

The second company did little better, selling 323 at £3,135.

But even this does not give a true idea of the real position. Of the 602 gears thus sold by the two companies, which the public had backed so confidently, some 450 were returned by the purchasers as defective!

Now let us see how the De Lavaud Free Wheel Differentials acquitted itself, after its forerunner had crashed, and the public trust had been obtained a second time.

Far from retrieving lost fortunes, it closed its first year's trading with a loss of more than £40,000.

Yet, in spite of this, it sought to obtain a further £15,000 from investors, and I observe that a recent communication to shareholders laments the fact that there was "unfortunately" no response to the appeal.

In the light of the latest developments I cannot share this view.

For the De Lavaud Free Wheel Differential, Ltd., has just made the sorry admission that it is "unable, by reason of its liabilities, to continue its business."

Whether shareholders will ever salvage anything from the wreck is extremely unlikely.

But what a lesson this case affords; and what a commentary upon our company laws which permit a company that has crashed badly after a brief existence to extend its operations in another name and thus plunge shareholders into double disaster!

TWO BANKS to SHUN

ENOUGH evidence is before me to justify a warning being given to British firms regarding two so-called banking organisations with which some of my correspondents have had unfortunate dealings.

One is the Anspach Trust Company, which describes itself as international investment bankers, of 14, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.; the other is the Société Financière Belge, of Brussels.

They are part and parcel of a system by which business people in this country are induced to part with fees and other money in the belief that they will obtain funds for development purposes from sound financial institutions with excellent and far-spread connections.

From London, the Trust makes suggestions to firms requiring capital for extension that propositions of the kind will be entertained by its principals in Belgium—the Société Financière.

Expenses have first to be paid for preliminary work—surveys by property and engineering valuers, translation of docu-

ments into French for the convenience of the Belgian financing house, and such like services.

Confidence is established also to some extent by the fact that associated with the foreign bankers is a daily financial newspaper, *L'Observateur Financier*, which has been published in Brussels for nearly a quarter of a century.

I find, in fact, that the bank and the newspaper have the same address and their managing director and editor respectively are brothers—Maurice and Roger Gavignet.

The strange Belgian bank, through the Anspach Trust in Britain, is eager to accommodate any business promotion scheme in this country. It makes free and lavish promises and binds itself to contracts to find finance.

Always provided, of course, that these preliminary fees and costs have been paid.

Enthusiasm for any project only runs cold when the money to be advanced on the approved securities is due to be paid. Then begins a series of apologies.

excuses and renewed but vaguer promises without end.

Among the cases in my file is one of a firm of engineers which paid out £400 and, in return, hoped to be provided with £35,000 upon the security of a substantial property within sixty days.

A period of grace was then asked for and given. Next the Belgian bankers revealed that they were having to scour northern Europe for the money. Since then, silence.

Even the directors of a well-known syndicate of hotels have been let down by the Anspach Trust, which represented to them that it had money available on first-class securities.

In this case £6,300 was offered on mortgage after surveys had, as usual, been introduced and paid. After that the interest of this bountiful Trust evaporated.

From the best sources in Brussels, I have been given certain information regarding the Trust's financial godfather.

It corroborates the evidence I have obtained in this country.

JOHN BULL



British financiers who are helping to "buy back Britain": Philip E. Hill, prime mover in the great Boots deal, and—



Sir Hugo Hirst, who cleverly defeated American efforts to gain control of the General Electric Company

BUYING BACK

stress of depression, the United States is being forced to sell back the great business concerns bought in the flush of victory a few years ago, when in American ears it was blasphemy to suggest that United States prosperity would ever slacken, and that the power of Wall Street would not grow and grow until the United States ruled the greatest financial empire the world had ever seen.

In the jubilation which accompanied the first war boom, American financiers and industrialists turned their attention particularly to Great Britain.

To control British industries was a matter, not only of profit, but of prestige, for Britain had long been recognised as the financial and industrial leader of the world, while her investors owned enormously valuable industries in countries all over the world.

A clever fight

The United States bankers wanted world recognition. They wanted it speedily and they saw that the quickest way to get it was to fight British finance on its own particular ground, and win control of British industries themselves.

Moreover, they knew that British business, backed by British workmanship, was capable of making very substantial profits.

The Boots deal—the forerunner of the much bigger American invasion which was to follow, just as its resale to British interests is one of the first portents of the changing position—had taught them that.

By that deal, Mr. L. K. Liggett obtained, for under £2,000,000, a property which consistently makes profits in the neighbourhood of £800,000 a year.

The American invasion was carefully planned, and cleverly fought, and it had as ammunition the immense wealth the United States had gained from the war.

Far-reaching dollars

In one year alone, 1928, when the American penetration of European industry was at its peak, United States financiers and investors sent abroad the colossal sum of £400,000,000, or well over £1,000,000 a day. By the end of that year its total investments abroad had reached the staggering figure of over £3,120,000,000.

In that year American finance scored also some of its most resounding successes in the British field.

It gained control, among other industries, of the largest electrical manufacturing undertaking in the country, Associated Electrical Industries, a combine controlling assets valued at over £15,500,000 and merging the British Thomson-Houston Co., Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Co., Edison-Swan Electric and Ferguson-Pallin, Ltd., which between them controlled some eleven large electrical manufacturing companies.

Electrical development was in the air, the great British grid scheme for cheap electricity supply under the Central Electricity Board had got under way, and in Chicago an American financier, Mr. H. L. Clarke, head of the gigantic Utilities Power and Light Corporation, seized his opportunity for what he conceived

The London Stock Exchange

to be a further smashing and profitable victory for United States finance.

He started to operate in London at first with the greatest secrecy through a private company called the Greater London and Counties Trust, Ltd.

And gradually, by private negotiation and by purchases of shares in the open market—purchases whose real source was often carefully concealed at the time and only revealed later—he gradually acquired control of one electric supply company after another.

So secretly did he work that it was not until his campaign was nearly over in 1928 that British finance awakened to this development.

By then he had acquired control of more than eighty British electricity companies supplying more than 500 cities and towns in England, Scotland and Wales, and serving altogether an area of round about 14,300 square miles with an estimated population of 4,300,000.

The master stroke

Shropshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire, a large part of Hampshire, the whole of Cornwall and part of Devon and Dorset, Glamorgan, Staffordshire, Cambridgeshire, much of South Wales—all these it was discovered would in future receive their electric power from American-owned concerns.

Truly Mr. Clarke had planned his campaign with the genius of a financial giant.

There was an angry outburst in the City—heated questions were asked in Parliament, and an investigation into the deal was made by the British Government.

At the end of it, Colonel Ashley, the then Minister of Transport, was forced to inform the House of Commons that so long as the companies were officially operated no action could be taken.

But Mr. Clarke, of Chicago, was astute enough to realise that public



THE COMING ECLIPSE?
At last Wall Street, citadel of the "almighty dollar," is being stormed—and the attack is coming from Britain who is now winning back the financial battles she lost to America

opposition was not going to do his companies any good.

He countered that opposition by a move of remarkable cleverness. He sent ambassadors to London to find a well-known British public man to take over the nominal chairmanship of the Greater London and Counties Trust, so that national susceptibilities might be satisfied.

And his ambassadors succeeded in persuading the late Lord Birkenhead, then Secretary of State for India, to throw up one of the greatest offices under the Crown to accept the chairmanship of this American-owned Trust at a salary, it is understood, of well over £20,000 a year.

Money was nothing to Mr. Clarke and his associates just then. They could pay well, and they did. Even those who merely arranged the first introduction with Lord Birkenhead received several thousands for their services.

A little later the British character of the Board was still further strengthened by the appointment to a directorship of another great Conservative Cabinet Minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain, formerly Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

And in Chicago Mr. Clarke received the congratulations of his colleagues on his brilliant and successful attack on British industry.

The congratulations, it is true, have worn a little thin, for it has been realised that in quite a number of cases the slow-witted (as the Americans thought them) owners of

THE great British-American fight for financial control of powerful world industries is now, after years of battle, reaching a climax.

And Britain—which a few years ago seemed to be losing all along the line; losing so badly that an American writer could produce, with some show of justification, a jubilant book entitled "America Conquers Britain"—is winning.

When, the other night, after weeks of potent negotiation, a group of weary men, headed by Mr. Philip Hill, the British financier on the one side, and, on the other, by Mr. L. K. Liggett, head of the big American Drug Stores, Incorporated, sat back in their chairs with between them a contract for the resale to British control after twelve years of Boots Pure Drugs, the retail chemists with a thousand shops, something of historic importance took place.

It is true that the actual completion of the deal was temporarily postponed owing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's ban on the export from London to New York of the £8,000,000 purchase price.

But the historic moment remains, and its significance will not lessen as time passes.

There was a time when it seemed possible—nay, probable—that, one after the other, the great British industries would fall under American control just as the power of the dollar was giving into American hands great industries in Germany, in France, in Italy and elsewhere.

Now the tide has turned. Under

K BRITAIN from the U.S.



Wall
Street,
New York
City

EXIT the Mighty Dollar Millionaires!

share ownership did not actually give voting control.

Not only were businesses operating in Britain itself purchased, but virtual control of important British-owned industries overseas was obtained.

By a deal with the Mond Nickel Company, the International Nickel Company was formed to control practically 80 per cent. of the world's supply of nickel and large supplies of copper also.

In South America the American International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation obtained control, through a deal running into many millions of pounds, of the United River Plate Telephone Co., which had for more than forty years been in British hands.

A little later the Guggenheim interests of America negotiated an even bigger deal, whereby all the nitrate-producing companies of Chile—the huge majority of which had been in British hands from their inception—were merged into a new £75,000,000 combine, the Compania de Salitre de Chile, called Cosach for short, in which American interest was largely predominant.

A counter-attack

Cosach has not been one of the successes of American finance, for now, after only just over two years' existence, during which it has made no profits, it is being liquidated by order of the Chilean Government.

Flushed by their seeming success in all directions, the Americans grew even bolder, until there seemed to be grave danger that one after another industry, vital to Britain's well-being, would fall into American hands.

So serious was the threat that several British companies were forced to take special action.

Imperial Chemical Industries, the great British combine, created by the late Lord Melchett and Sir Harry McGowan, the present chairman of the company, Rolls-Royce, Imperial Airways, the Marconi International Marine Communications, the Royal Dutch-Shell Oil group, and others—all took action

whereby only a minority of the shares could be held by foreign owners. Then in 1929 the antagonism which had for so long been smouldering between British industrialists and American financiers flared up to a quarrel.

Following the deal already referred to, whereby American interests obtained control of Associated Electrical Industries, they conceived the idea of buying up also the British General Electric Company, and thus securing a practical monopoly of the British electrical manufacturing industry.

But Sir Hugo Hirst, chairman of the General Electric, was on his guard.

First of all he got an alteration in the company's Articles of Association, restricting voting power to British holders.

By this move, although 60 per cent. of the share capital of the General Electric Company was in American hands, they were unable to control policy.

Then, in order to increase British ownership, and safeguard the company still further against foreign control, he proposed to issue £1,600,000 new £1

ordinary shares, which were to be called British ordinary shares, and their ownership restricted to persons of British nationality.

Immediately there were protests from American shareholders and a storm of abuse in the American Press.

First blood

The Americans decided to carry the fight to London, and two representatives, holding power of attorney to act for practically the whole of the American shareholders, rushed to England on the fastest liner they could, warning Sir Hugo Hirst by wireless.

Meanwhile, they were out to fight him to a finish.

They were Mr. Thomas L. Chadbourne, a famous American company lawyer, standing 6 ft. 7 in. in his stockinged feet, and Mr. Herbert B. Swope, a former editor of the *New York World*, and then a millionaire business man.

They were backed up by the New York Stock Exchange, which prohibited the introduction of all stocks of the New York market until the General Electric quarrel was settled.

In London the negotiations went on almost day and night. Relations grew so strained that representations were eventually made to Sir Hugo in the name of Anglo-American friendship.



Financier Louis K. Liggett, who surrendered America's control of Boots

He still refused to allow American shareholders to subscribe for the new shares, but eventually he agreed, as a compromise, to drop the new issue altogether. He had won his main point. The General Electric Company remained British. It was the first check to American penetration.

Less than a year later there was a second one.

America had watched the growth of the canning industry in Great Britain and decided to take a hand.

The British Can Company was formed, with the backing of the huge American Can Corporation, which operates about 150 plants throughout the United States, Canada and the Hawaiian Islands.

It was freely prophesied that before long it would control all of the British can-making industries that mattered, and following the example of Mr. Clarke and the London and Greater Counties Trust, a British public man was appointed as chairman—the late Sir John Ferguson, M.P.—and, ironically enough, the first Empire Free Trade candidate.

But the American Can Corporation had mistaken their men when they thought the existing can manufacturers of Great Britain would be smashed so easily.

Indeed, it was the American-owned British Can Company that was broken in the struggle.

The last battle...

The British manufacturers merged into a £3,000,000 concern the Metal Box Company, and in just over a year had trounced the American invaders so thoroughly that they were glad to sell British Can, lock, stock and barrel, to the Metal Box Company which they had started out so gaily to overthrow.

Now the wheel has swung full circle. Gradually the Americans are beginning to withdraw from the field which they seemed to survey as conquerors only a few years ago.

Recent big deals are significant.

The first was the sale to British investors of the British Woolworths, the sixpenny store concern which has made phenomenal profits for its original founders.

The second was the Greater London and Counties issue of shares in Edmundsons to British investors. The third, and, perhaps, most significant of all, is the Boots deal.

America, which once was ready to "buy up the world," is now in sore need of money herself.

Our departure from the gold standard and the depreciation in the exchange value of the £ means that her dividends from British companies are less when exchanged into dollars than they were before.

She is growing anxious. Before long we may well see the majority of the British industries, bought during the boom, back in British hands. America has not conquered Britain, after all.

Once again, as so often before, we have followed out our national habit of losing every battle but the last. And it is the last that counts.



Chicago's Harley L. Clarke, who waged financial warfare in Britain with so much success

They Bought British!

In films, American interests were, if anything, even more extensive through the Fox interests in the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, which controls close upon 350 theatres and kinemas, together with large film-producing concerns—though in this case American

What to do WITH A BAD-TEMPERED DOG



MOST dogs pass through periods of uncertain temper. They sulk, and it seems unsafe to allow children to play with them. Usually this is not because they are naturally vicious, or dislike us, but because their livers are sluggish and their nerves are frayed by long periods of poor condition.

A dog can lose condition quickly and easily. At this time of year the usual cause is lack of exercise. When an evening of bad weather robs your dog of his walk, his liver becomes sluggish, food impurities infect his blood, and if he is not conditioned he becomes "peevish" and bad-tempered.

But he will quickly respond to proper care. He needs Bob Martin's Condition Powders which restore good health and spirits by purifying the blood, and toning up the whole system.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders cure and prevent all blood ailments such as continual scratching, listlessness, dull coat, loss of appetite, sulky temper, eczema and swellings between the toes.

Your nearest chemist, dog biscuit shop and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

That is why
BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
KEEP dogs fit!



EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through **INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC, or TEETHING**, and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 50 years is

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A teaspoonful two or three times a day
KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

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J.B.19.....

ALONE on the Ocean Bed

I NEVER knew what it was to be alone till I went down in a diver's suit. And I never knew the horror of solitude until I had to descend in shark-infested waters. On such occasions one clings to any scrap of comfort like the drowning man clutching at his proverbial straw.

Only one diver, I repeated to myself, has been known to be attacked by sharks; only one other has had his air-pipe bitten. Hundreds of divers must have been observed by these loathsome scavengers of the ocean, who were afraid to touch them. The odds were a hundred to one in my favour.

"Yes, the odds are a hundred to one in my favour," I kept on repeating to myself until the glass window was screwed up before my face and the loud clang on the top of my helmet from the diver's assistant told me the moment had come to step off the bottom rung of the ladder into 72 ft. of water.

The job was the last chapter in a salvage story. An oil tanker had been successfully hauled off a coral reef in the West Indies and was urgently needed at home.

It was during the early stages of the War, and Admiralty telegrams announced that at that stage of the conflict an oil tanker was no less valuable than a battleship.

There was no salvage plant nearer than New York, and telegraphic messages warned us of an approaching cyclone.

I had spent practically the whole of the last two days under water, surveying rocks and coral, making a map on slate, which at frequent intervals was drawn up to the surface and there transcribed on to a piece of paper.

This was to determine the best direction in which to haul the stranded ship into deep water. All this time I had been alone under the sea.

PERHAPS it was my obsession with the problem of saving the ship that obliterated all other emotions; perhaps it was that I was little troubled by the thought of sharks because none had been visible. Certainly, I had felt no terrifying horror of them until this moment when they were swimming round the diving boat.

Only a few hours remained before the cyclone was due to reach us, and the task was to examine every seam between the hundreds of plates in the ship's bottom, to make sure that none of these had been damaged, thereby rendering the ship unseaworthy.

A bottom-line had been rove at both ends of the ship—one forward, one aft—each resembling the bellyband of a horse's harness. They were connected by long, horizontal ropes, extending like telegraph wires fore and aft.

I was to sit in a bosun's chair and be hauled to and fro hanging from these lines like the swinging car suspended from an aerial railway.

Try how I would, I could not efface



"But there I was still twelve fathoms deep, suffering terrific agony"

sumption, had been thrown overboard from the ship.

In the clear West Indian waters I had seen that swoop and twist; the tin had disappeared to the contentment of the one and the chagrin of his four companions.

In the belly of another shark we had opened on deck a few days before, there had been a 16 lb. tin of ship's biscuits as large as a suitcase.

What difficulty would such a creature have in dealing with me? My copper helmet and my large, lead-weighted boots might give him stomach-ache, but all the middle part of me was terribly easy and horribly digestible.

Fierce pain in my ears overcame for the moment all other sensation until the eustachian tubes opened and equalised the pressure on the inside and the outside of my eardrums.

Then with the vanishing of physical pain returned all the horrors of imagination.

I instinctively felt for the handle of my knife which a diver wears like a dagger suspended from his belt. What could one do with such a weapon?

It had taken the ship's butcher several blows with a large axe to sever the monster's spine when we hauled one on board the other day. Revolver and rifle bullet had made no effect except to irritate it.

BY this time I had reached the bilge-keel, a long flange extending most of the ship's length on either side of the middle line of the bottom, to reduce rolling.

Work again drove away my horrible dread, and for the next hour or so I glided gently to and fro under the ship's bottom.

It was a pleasant sensation, without even the necessity of physical effort; all I had to do was to pull on my breast rope and the sailors on deck did the rest, hauling me 4 ft. or 5 ft. forward or aft as the case might be.

Then I would screw down my valve and be lifted upwards by the air in my dress until, with face close to the bottom of the ship, I could see clearly that the seam between two plates in the ship's bottom was intact. Then another jerk and on I would go.

Those areas which were burnished bright through recent contact with coral and possibly rock I examined with extra care. Other portions did not demand such detailed examination.

The telephone communicating with the diving boat had ceased to work, but in those days that was nothing unusual and caused no alarm.

I had practically forgotten about sharks and was telling myself I had the

(Continued on page 24)

John Bull READERS' STORIES 20

the spectre of a shark waiting until I was well under the bottom of the ship, and then swooping with that lightning twist so as to seize his prey in the cavernous mouth a quarter way down his stomach.

The air was filling my dress and I felt the weight gradually being relieved as I stood still for a moment longer on that bottom rung.

At that moment there was nothing in this world I would not have given for the courage to climb back to the ladder and declare "I cannot do it."

It was worse, far worse, than standing on the highest diving-board, with hundreds of spectators below watching. Fear of humiliation is worse than the fear of personal injury.

Air forced into my helmet sounded like gas in the dentist's chair; the thud of the pump was scarcely louder than my heart.

My dress was still expanding; I was now practically afloat.

I DELAYED one more second fiddling with my air valve, pretending it still needed adjustment. Every moment my fears were increasing. If I pandered to them any longer they would surely prove my master.

"Now," I said to myself. Then I forced my hand out of the water and made that circling wave above my head which is the signal to the attendants to lower me down.

There had been five triangular fins patrolling to and fro. Only a few minutes ago a large tin of corned beef, condemned as unfit for human con-



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FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS

7½^d
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For a free sample please PIN a 1½d. stamp (which is less than half the cost of packing and postage) to this coupon. Write your name and address in CAPITAL LETTERS and post the coupon to J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., M.M.C. Dept. 88, UNION STREET, BRISTOL. Only one sample to each family. Pin your stamp to coupon. Please do NOT stick it. J.S., 28/1/33

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Please seal your envelope and use a 1½d. stamp. This offer is available for residents in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

(continued from page 22) "ALONE ON THE OCEAN BED"



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polished
with
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—so much
the better



"COUGH VANISHED

with a rub of your ointment"

"Late one foggy night, just about the time my annual Winter cough had started, I was about to leave a friend's house after a card party, when he gave me a jar of your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. When I arrived home, I rubbed some of it on my chest. I could feel its tingling warmth doing me good there and then! Within a day or two my cough had completely vanished, and now, at the slightest sign of a cough, I kill it on the spot with a rub of your ointment." S. J., Finchley.

The tingling, penetrating warmth of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will bring you blissful peace and freedom from pain. Deep down it reaches to the pain-racked muscles, and draws out the inflammation. Get a jar today.



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better task compared with those sailors heaving round the pump in a tropical sun.

The job was practically finished and I was close to the bilge-keel on the far side of the ship. This I knew was contrary to good diving practice—and, I believe, the regulations.

On reaching the centre line—half way—I should have returned to the surface to shift the boat round to the other side of the ship and begin again. The wisdom of such procedure was evinced only too clearly by subsequent events.

But I did not want to return to the surface. The mere suggestion conjured up again the vision of triangular fins swimming round and round the diving boat, and I saved my conscience by saying to myself it would be a waste of time; we had only a few hours in hand before the impending cyclone.

The light was good, conditions were simple everything had gone smoothly, there really was no risk at all.

I was in the middle of shifting my position, which had become strained and painful with cramp, when I received the signal one pull. "Are you all right?"

BY the divers' code this signal had to be answered within a few seconds by a similar pull on the breast rope. "Yes, I am all right."

But both hands were engaged, and I could not—in the position in which I found myself—leave hold of the bottom line to make the signal.

Confident that the attendant would repeat the signal in a minute's time before doing anything drastic, I continued to extricate my body from its awkward position; then I would make reassuring reply. Just as this was nearly accomplished, I received four urgent pulls on my air pipe, signifying, "I am pulling you up."

Before I could protest I was dragged off my perch, and to my horror I fell—and fell—and fell.

My dress was almost devoid of air, as at that moment I had not desired it to be buoyant. You will picture me, therefore falling—not in the vertical straight line but in a circle swinging to the point plumb under the boat from the far side of the ship some 40 ft. away.

My first effort was to reach my air valve and screw that hard down, so as to make my dress as buoyant as possible; but, of course, it would be several seconds before the air could produce any such effect.

Meanwhile, in the diving boat they failed completely to appreciate what had happened. The next they knew was a big jerk wrenching breast rope and air pipe out of the attendants' hands; and then I was falling straight to the bottom 72 ft. below them.

At such a depth the pressure of water is about 35 lb per sq. in.—that is to say, it is crushing the diver with a force of several tons distributed over his whole body and only resisted by the air pres-

sure supplied by the pump above.

In the ordinary way a diver descends at a reasonable pace, which allows the pump to supply air fast enough to resist the increasing water-pressure.

The speed at which I was falling was far too great for this, and I first felt my legs and then my body being squeezed as in a vice, tighter, tighter, tighter.

The helmet protected my head, which, in contrast to the rest of my body, felt as if it was going to burst; and I had the sensation that soon I should be squeezed in jelly form within the narrow confines of helmet and corslet.

Bump—I was on the bottom at last. Thank heaven. Now I was only conscious of pain—legs, stomach and chest. I managed to struggle to a position on all fours, knowing this pain would pass in time.

Meanwhile I must grin and bear it. Grin and bear it—grin and bear it—grin.

Yes, the pump above had picked up the refrain and evidently the attendants appreciated something untoward had happened, for it had quickened in pace as they realised the first necessity was to give me air.

At last that terrible pressure eased around my body, and then to my amazement I heard the telephone talking. Evidently the jerk had re-established some electrical connection, and the gunner's voice came through, "Pull him up, lads; pull him up."

THIS started a fresh terror. The air which had been supplied to me under pressure would by now have infused my body and blood.

On reaching the surface I should be like a soda-water bottle with the cork removed, when a million bubbles, hitherto invisible, suddenly effervesce.

Such would be my blood, and the sudden release of pressure might be followed—so the text-books say—with a painful death after a few hours.

At that moment I was endowed with amazing eloquence. Every abusive phrase I had ever heard in my previous twelve years of sea experience came to my tongue and surged up the telephone wires to the frightened gunner on the surface.

His great relief, of course, was to know that I was still alive and obviously very conscious. But there I was still 12

The Mystery Monster of the Deep!



fathoms deep, suffering agony. I dare not let them pull me up, yet every minute added to my terror, lest a shark should find me motionless on the sandy bottom.

As soon as I could collect myself I signalled to pull me up, making the regulation pauses at intervals to allow the blood bubbles to subside at their leisure. Every now and then a dark, silent form glided by, dimly outlined in the blue water.

The last wait of two minutes a couple of fathoms below the boat seemed more like hours. A black shadow repeatedly passed overhead, seeming to circle above me closer and closer. The telephone had again ceased to operate.

I played tricks with my valve, suddenly releasing a bulk of air to frighten away the monster. Then at last I was being lifted again, spinning round helplessly in my ascent without any shot rope to steady myself.

The monster got nearer and closer. It was right on top of me—crash. It was my helmet—against the bottom of the boat!

NEXT WEEK. A reader recounts the thrilling story of his experiences when trailing a rogue elephant in the Cochin district of Southern India.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 3/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

EVENING DISPATCH:—"Mr. — was invited to deliver the RATION at the Burns supper."

SWANSEA FOOTBALL POST:—"The Swans' backs were sold in defence."

EASTERN DAILY PRESS:—"He claimed for severe injuries received when he fell out of a sun when crossing to Jersey."

CUMBERLAND NEWS:—"The Mayoress was presented with a BANQUET."

OBSERVER:—"He managed to include in his PALATE a number of colours."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"There was a thrilling moment when Martin had to kick the HALL three times."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The tourists' next match is against MANIA at Launceston."

EVENING NEWS:—"— was married, and had a large GROUND-UP family."

EVENING DISPATCH:—"The murdered man was a burglar who had SEVERED several sentences."

SWINDON ADVERTISER:—"All men out of UNEMPLOYMENT are invited to use the room."

LINCOLNSHIRE, BOSTON AND SPALDING FREE PRESS:—"To protect and preserve your INDIGNATION."

FISHING NEWS:—"The shark had fastened its PAWS on a fish already hooked by the coble."

PETERBOROUGH ADVERTISER:—"As do his colleagues in the March Town CRICKET CLUB, in which his popular membership is more than justified by very useful BATHING feats."

BOGNOR REGIS POST:—"The speaker gave a very UNLIFTING address."

"The Greatest
of These—"
Fund

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

THREE-YEAR-OLD Johnnie is the youngest of three children whose welfare depends on their dad receiving the care in diet, freedom from worry and warmth necessary for his complete recovery from a serious operation for the removal of a duodenal ulcer.

He has been discharged from hospital, where he has lain very ill for six months, with strict injunctions to keep warm (the overcoat he wore was borrowed) and to follow the diet prescribed, if he is to regain his health.

As soon as the doctor pronounces him fit, he has a job to go back to, and in this he counts himself supremely lucky. "I have a job, but cannot do it. There are thousands of poor devils who haven't got a job. I have one when I can get



Johnnie

back to it," he said, full of gratitude and hope.

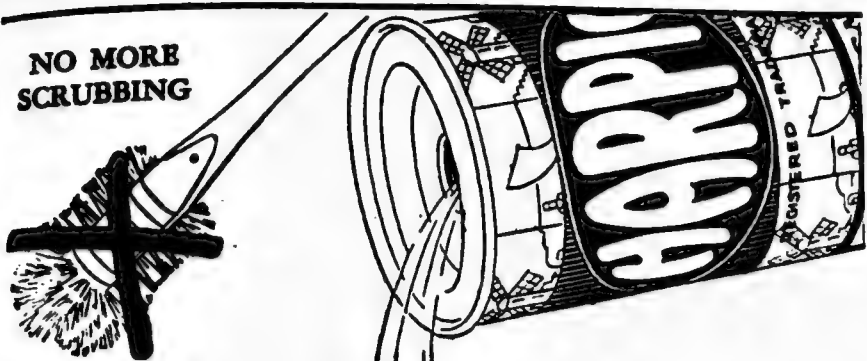
Tall and well developed for his years, he joined up soon after his fourteenth birthday, and has had narrow escapes.

His doctor now orders him such luxuries as chicken, fish and plenty of fresh eggs, which it is impossible for him to afford out of his 7s. 6d. a week sick pay and a measure of "relief."

His wife, having passed through anxious months when her husband lay in a critical condition, suffers from her nerves, and Johnnie is under weight and lacking in bodily stamina. So they cannot be deprived of their short commons to help to build up daddy's health.

It is here that our sympathetic, generous-hearted readers can help by sending donations earmarked "Johnnie" to enable his father to regain his strength and return to work.

Subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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cleans and disinfects the
lavatory-pan in one
operation



HARPIC thoroughly cleanses the lavatory-pan, and also the bend in the pipe where a brush cannot reach. It thus removes the cause of odours. Harpic destroys germs, since its disinfectant power is greater even than that of carbolic.

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**"Honestly, Mummy,
I try to be good . . .**



*but chafing and scurf
make me miserable "*

Tummy, teeth, chafing and scurf—these four troubles make it hard for baby to be good. Don't let baby suffer from chafing or scurf. "Protect parts exposed to moisture with a little 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly every time baby is changed," says Nurse York of London's leading Lying-in Hospital. For scurf, smooth "Vaseline" Jelly on baby's scalp regularly at bedtime—wiping gently in the morning. His head will be always beautifully clean.

Baby's jar stolen . . .



read this confession . . .

"Of course we steal his jar." Growing children need "Vaseline" Jelly—for DANDRUFF—for CHAPPING—taken for SORE THROAT—for CHEEKS ON COLD DAYS—for ACCIDENTS—the most perfect protection known to doctors. Every home should have two jars in constant use! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willeaden, London, N.W.10.

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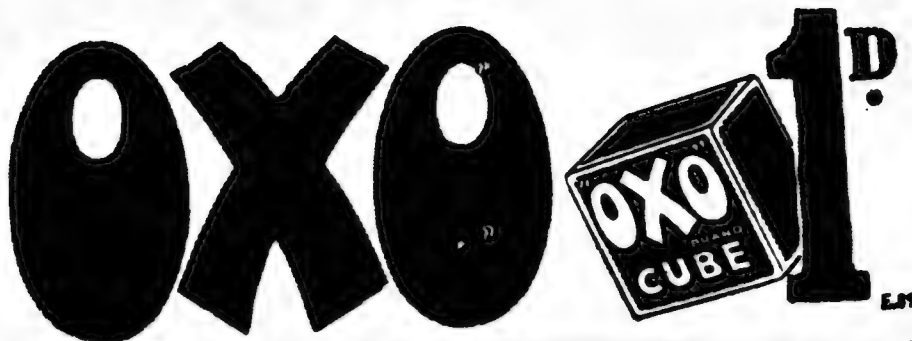
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**Oxo is
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—a protective food,
it raises resistance**



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61s. Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
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GASTRITIS and STOMACH ULCERS

almost drove her mad



from a recent photo of Mrs. Jones.

FIRST MONTH WITHOUT PAIN FOR 7 YEARS.

Mrs. E. Jones, of Worcester, writes:—

"I have been ill for seven years with gastritis which turned to ulcers and I have been in hospital four times. Nothing did me any good and the pain almost drove me mad. I was not able to take food of any kind. A month ago I was in dreadful pain in the town and a friend told me to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which I did. I haven't had any pains now for a month and it is the first month without pain for seven years. You don't know how pleased I am. I can take any kind of food now with comfort. I shall never be without 'Bisurated' Magnesia." You can obtain 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder and tablet forms at 1/3 from chemists everywhere.

NEW Ryderb 1933 SEED BOOK



A completely modernised Seed book, previous editions of which have been a guide to hundreds of thousands of gardeners. 126 pages. 28 beautiful direct colour photographs. List of seeds in the popular 2d. packets, and details of Competition and Special Collections at Reduced Prices. Send for your copy, free and post free.

RYDER & SON (1928) LIMITED,
Dept. 30, St. Albans.

This BRIDE-to-BE MUST TELL

ON my desk stands a calendar with a motto for every day of the year. This is today's: "Life has no greater gifts to offer than health, wealth and happiness—and the greatest of these is health."

Most sane people would agree with that contention.

Now week by week for over a year I have been writing about all sorts of problems, but I do not recall ever talking about health.

That does not mean that I have not had questions on this subject to answer. They come to me by every post. They deal with hospitals and health clinics, and convalescent homes and sanatoriums and a host of other things.

I am constantly receiving letters from readers who have obtained medical advice and yet hesitate to carry out the treatment prescribed. Here is a case in point.

A mother writes to me about her little boy, aged six, who has curvature of the spine. The doctor has ordered a special jacket which, he says, the child must wear for some time in order to prevent him from growing up a hunchback. The letter goes on:

"Although I have every faith in the doctor, my mother-in-law is making me wonder whether his advice is sound. She keeps telling me that one of her daughters had a weak back, but never had to wear a terrible strait-jacket and she is now a strong, well-built woman.

"Because I have not yet taken her advice to remove the appliance from my little boy, she is starting to make things very difficult, and is even poking fun at him."

Now what are the facts of the case? First of all, my correspondent has faith in her doctor. Then what is the use of her going to him unless she is prepared to accept his advice?

If she has any doubt whatever about his diagnosis, it can be cleared up in one definite way. Let her ask for another medical opinion. Failing everything else, this can be obtained by going to see an orthopaedic specialist at a hospital.

Once the trouble is confirmed, the duty of my correspondent is clear. Her child's present comfort must be sacrificed for his future health and happiness. The day will come when he will bless his mother for her care of him.

As for that mother-in-law—well, her interference amounts to criminal stupidity. She talks about her daughter having a "weak back." That may mean anything or almost nothing—it is a very different thing from spinal curvature. In pitting her knowledge against medical opinion she is revealing crass ignorance. My correspondent should have none of it.

Now a word of general warning. Working as I do in a great hospital, I see

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

the tragic effects of listening to advice from well-meaning, but misguided, relatives and friends.

These people seem to delight in telling sufferers of some fantastic "cure all" which, they say, will make medical or hospital treatment unnecessary.

And what happens? This so-called "cure" absorbs valuable time which either delays a genuine cure or, alas, in some cases, makes it impossible.

This is sound advice—in times of illness, trust your doctor! Or find another one you can trust!

The next case is on rather different lines. It comes from a woman who has already had three operations during the last few years, and has now been told that a fourth is absolutely necessary. She writes:

"My husband thinks I have already gone through quite enough and he begs me, therefore, not to go back to the hospital. I know that he worries dreadfully all the time I am away.

"Though my pain sometimes is simply terrible, I wonder if it is right for me to go to hospital again knowing how he feels about it. I am not afraid of another operation, for I am full of hope and have great faith in the surgeon."

The anxiety of this husband over his wife's welfare is very natural and understandable. But I think that, here again, it would be most unwise to go against the doctor's orders.

What are the alternatives? My correspondent is suffering great pain. That can only be relieved by removing the cause of it. And this, she is told, necessitates another operation. She does not mind that, for she has complete faith in the surgeon who will perform it.

It is her husband's anxiety that is

She cannot go to the altar with her dark secret left untold. She must confess—or she will not find happiness

making her unhappy. "He worries dreadfully all the time I am away."

I think that man should realise that, if he suffers mentally, his wife is suffering physically, and that by letting her know he is worried, he is lessening her chances of a speedy recovery.

My correspondent has her ordeal to face; her husband, instead of trying to prevent her from finding relief for that "terrible pain," should take his share of the burden. He can do this by keeping a brave heart and a smiling face.

And for my third problem let me answer this question—Is it wise for a girl to marry whose mother is in a lunatic asylum? Here is the letter that prompts it:

I am going to be married next month to a man I love dearly, but instead of being the happiest girl alive, I think I am the most miserable.

"Everyone thinks my mother is dead, but really she is in a lunatic asylum, where she has been for seventeen years. I do not know whether to wait until we are married before I tell my fiancé about her. If I told him now and he decided not to go through with the wedding it would break my heart."

And then in poignant words this girl goes on to tell me the cause of her mother's trouble:

"In July, 1916, my dad was reported missing, then killed. I was only seven years old at the time, but I shall never forget the weeks that followed. Mother cried and cried, day and night, and never once during that time did she speak to me. About Christmastime our home was broken up, and I was put in an orphanage and told that my mother was dead.

"It was only when I was nineteen and in a situation that I learned the truth. I went the very next week to see her, and although I have been many times more, she has never once recognised me. What would you advise me to do?"

I feel desperately sorry for this bride-to-be. I can only blame her for one thing. She should have told her fiancé the truth before now.

But, having said that, let me reassure her. The cause of her mother's mental collapse was the shock of her husband's death and not due to any inherited taint, and there is no earthly reason why the marriage should not take place.

The war years were mentally devastating and nerve-shattering. People developed maladies which they would have escaped under ordinary circumstances. And that mother is one of those casualties. I hope this girl's fiancé will recognise these facts and that there will be for him and for her a bright and happy future. She, at least, deserves that to make up for all she has lost.

Philip Inman, who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," is always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 is. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The German Remus

I HAVE received enquiries for information about Remus IV., the German candidate for the Grand National.

I do not think he is to be compared to the Remus trained by Frank Morgan at Chichester, and who is also to bid for the honours at Aintree.

The only notable performance of Remus IV. appears to have been his victory in the Grand Parduhice in Czechoslovakia last October.

Although this race is run over the stiffest course in Europe, it is only two and a quarter miles.

I think Gyi Lovami, the Hungarian 'chaser, won the race prior to competing at Liverpool in the "National" of 1931; but he did not get round the Aintree course.

The new stands at Kempton Park, built as a result of a fire some months ago, will

be ready for the Easter meeting. The fixture arranged for Sunbury this weekend has been transferred to Newbury.

I suggest Coup de Chapeau, Choriam-bic, Richborough and Artillery Brand as likely winners.

"SILVER RINGS" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 26, to Wednesday, February 1.

A Q C 9 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O

K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

KVSO96KOU would read APOSTASY.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

Get strength to ward off Influenza

Once let yourself get run-down and you become an easy prey to Colds and Influenza. Your safest precaution is to build up your Strength. Hall's Wine is without equal for restoring lost vitality and creating new energy. It enriches the blood—stimulates the respiratory organs and feeds the nerves. It braces up the entire system. Makes you fit and keeps you fit.

- take your
Hall's Wine
to-day **5/6**

STEPHEN SMITH & CO. LTD., Bow, London, E.2.

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BOTTLE

Cuticura Preparations

**CLEANSING
SOAP**



**HEALING
OINTMENT**

SHOULD be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family; the Soap to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

WONDERFUL PRAM VALUE



Only 20s. long
Coach-built Pram with
Coil Springs, Ribbed Cushion
Tyres, Detachable Hood,
Mudguards, Chain Brake,
and Storm Apron. State colour
desired. Carriage Paid. 50/-
TERMS: 10/- now, 2 9 monthly payments
of 10/- if satisfied. Fullst Approval.
Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars,
all styles. Post Free. Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FREE RADIO CHART

Turp to the LISSEN Radio offer on page 31. The coupon will bring full particulars, including a 1/- chart, free, illustrating the Skyscraper Kit Set, which can be obtained on easy terms.



Now for fun! Here's the Gibbs Ivory Castle Game

FREE! From your Retailer with your purchase of any Gibbs product of a minimum value of 6d.

How the kiddies enjoy the Ivory Castle Game. Yells of delight punctuate the speeding minutes. And life-lasting lessons are learned as the merriment grows. They learn how Gibbs Dentifrice preserves health and happiness by keeping teeth perfectly clean—safely sound.

The children are always eager to use Gibbs Dentifrice because it is so delightful to use. They love the delicious taste of the fragrant antiseptic foam. They love the fresh, clean after effect. The Dentist will be glad to hear they are using Gibbs.

Gibbs have made a great name for themselves in Dental Hygiene. Doctors, Dentists and Health Authorities know it is safe to recommend a Gibbs product. Buy a cake of Gibbs Dentifrice today.

In neat aluminium cases: Popular size 7/6; Large 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. For those who prefer a paste there is Gibbs Dental Cream in Tubes 6d and 1/-.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE GD45

EMERGENCY COUPON

If your Retailer is out of stock of Gibbs Ivory Castle Games, simply buy any one of Gibbs products (minimum value of 6d), cut off the Hygiene Certificate which you will find on the inside with the goods, attach it to this coupon, and send to Messrs. D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 46 V.), London, E.C.1, and you will be sent an Ivory Castle Game by return post free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Readers who wish to use the 'HARLENE' Sample Coupon on the Back Cover and particularly wish to preserve their Bullets entry coupons can instead use the Sample Coupon below!

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover postage and packing a Set of any 3 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. Attach coupon to sheet bearing your name and address and state which numbers are required.

EDWARDS HARLENE Ltd. (H 970), 20/26, LAMB'S CONDUIT ST., London, W.C.

T.C.B.

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Look at yourself in the mirror when you've been out in the wind and rain. There's no need nowadays for your nose to be shiny and your complexion ruined. The mousse of cream scientifically blended in Poudre Tokalon makes it stay on all day in spite of the worst windy and rainy weather or perspiration while dancing. Gives amazing new beauty to the worst shiny nose and horrid complexion. Beauty in every box and only 1/-.

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You travel and work in an atmosphere laden with germs. Unless you destroy these germs you will take them home and start in your family a round of colds pregnant with dangerous possibilities. The inhaling of VapeX from the handkerchief kills the germs which multiply in the breathing passages.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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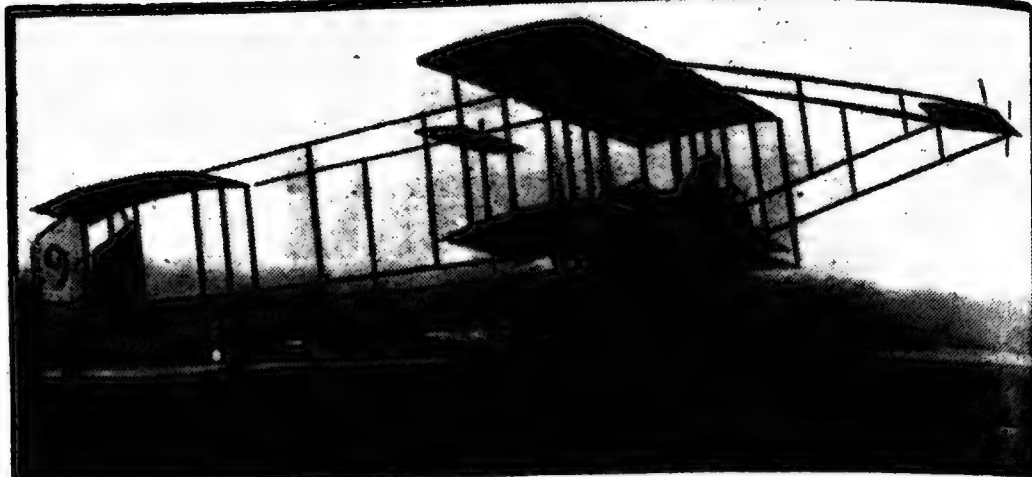
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A Famous Pioneer Airman's GREATEST HOUR

My DO-or-DIE

FIRST FLIGHT



Mr. Grahame-White taking off in his weird-looking "box-kite." Below you see him as he appeared at the time of his pioneer flight

by Claude Grahame-White



I HAVE had the privilege of living in an age when scientific and mechanical progress has advanced by leaps and bounds. I have seen the motor-car advance from the "steam-roller" stage to a thing of marvellous speed and beauty.

And, equally so, I have watched the airplane grow from what was really little more than a box-kite, with an engine attached, to the aerial monsters, weighing many tons, that to-day cross and recross the known world with the same reliance as an express train.

So that it might be thought, pioneer though I was in both of these mechanical worlds, that I should find it a trifle difficult to say with any definiteness what hour of a crowded life I should like to live again.

Yet I do not find it at all difficult. There is one hour of my life, so vividly is it impressed on my memory, that I would so willingly live through again, if I had the choice.

It occurred in 1909—a cold, grey November morning (I can see it again, as though it were but yesterday)—when, having received delivery of my very first aircraft from the Bleriot factory, I attempted, unaided, and without any previous experience or instruction, to fly a two-seater monoplane, fitted with what was then an extremely powerful eight-cylinder, water-cooled engine.

This, my very first attempt at flying, took place on the military parade-ground at Issy les Moulineaux, Paris—by special permission of the French military authorities.

An early start

So keen was I to make my first flight that, in company with my friend, Captain Fleetwood Wilson, I reached the aerodrome at half-past two in the morning, hours before daylight! I can see as I write the amazed face of the elderly French caretaker when I explained the errand on which I had come.

"But it is impossible!" he repeated over and over again, arms thrown wide in the expressive gesture so beloved of our Gallic cousins. "It is night... even the birds are asleep at such an hour!"

However, we had not come down there to be put off by a caretaker. Looking back, I do believe that it would have taken a regiment of infantry to have stopped us!

So, finally, when I had repeatedly thrust my receipted bill for the aeroplane under his nose, he gave a final shrug of his shoulders, and with a muttered imprecation against the "mad English" he led the way to the hangar that housed my purchase.

Almost beside myself with excitement, I hurried to her side, and, until the dawn broke, my friend and I busied ourselves trying to get the engine running. When I tell you that there was not a vestige of light, except from an occasional match we struck, you will realise what a difficult and dangerous job this was.

In those days, aeroplanes had no brakes, and no means whatever of preventing them from running away, once

the engine had been started up. So, to prevent any untoward happening of this kind, we improvised, with ropes, a sort of slip-knot affair, one end of which we attached, with a considerable amount of trepidation, to a rather rickety old fence at the edge of the aerodrome.

Eventually, after we had "doped" the engine until we were heartily sick of it, and having swung the propeller for at least four hours, turn and turn again, we finally got the engine running.

Terrifying

But, in our feverish excitement at our success, we forgot entirely to take up the slack of the rope that formed our emergency "brake," with the immediate and very terrifying result that the monoplane made a terrific bound towards us.

Luckily for us the rope held, just as the machine was upon us, and thankfully indeed did we sit down and wipe our fevered brows. By this time it had grown light, so, telling my friend to be ready to scramble in beside me after he had let go the rope-brake, I jumped into the cockpit, and off we went.

My first effort was to run the machine on the ground, to familiarise myself with the steering and the controls.

This I did for about twenty minutes, and I was astonished to find how very quickly I grew accustomed to them, and how my confidence increased in my ability to handle the machine.

I then decided to attempt my first solo flight—and this determination was further increased when I saw coming towards me in the distance some ten or twelve of Bleriot's mechanics.

"Happy landing"

"Let's show these fellows that we have mastered the machine without their help," I said to my friend.

He was just as willing as I was that I should display my prowess, and so, accelerating my engine to about fifty miles an hour, off we roared across the ground of the aerodrome, bumping and swaying as our speed increased.

As we "taxied" along I gradually pulled back my control lever, and the thrill I got when I found that the vibrations caused by the rough ground had ceased, and that I was by then at least 100 ft. in the air, must be experienced to be believed.

It all happened so quickly that it was not until I perceived the limits of the aerodrome rushing towards me at an incredible speed that I realised that I must make a landing quickly. I could

not venture on a turn or "bank," as I had absolutely no experience at all.

I had no idea whatever of how to make a landing, save the common-sense one that I must move my elevator in the opposite direction, and also slow down my engine.

My luck was certainly in that morning! I managed to get the machine down to the ground again successfully, without doing the slightest damage; but before I could pull up I was so near the boundary of the aerodrome, which at this point was encircled by a high stone wall, that I shouted to my companion to jump out, hang on to the fuselage, and drag his feet along the ground as best he could to act as a brake!

We were travelling at such a high speed that I did not think it possible for us to pull up, and I had instinctively resigned myself to the inevitable crash, when, to my intense delight, I found that my friend's weight, plus the fact that he was dragging his heels until they were almost torn off, was having the effect of turning us in a circle.

The extremity of one wing, in so doing, missed that stone wall by a matter of inches! However, I finally brought the machine to rest without the slightest harm.

The excitable and voluble French mechanics came rushing up to us to acclaim us as heroes, and before very long Press photographers and newspaper reporters came up in droves.

Beginner's luck

Apparently the mechanics had informed their friends that there was certainly going to be a crash worth while... and a dead Englishman or so into the bargain!

I made several other straight flights that morning before breakfast, but this initial success imbued me with a confidence that was shortly afterwards to prove my undoing.

I returned to the aerodrome after breakfast, soon after nine o'clock, with the definite determination that I would make a circular flight. But by this time a couple of other novices were also running their machines about the aerodrome.

When I set off on my next flight, these machines must have fascinated me. At all events, in my endeavour to avoid them as I made my next landing I misjudged my distance and crashed my machine.

The monoplane was smashed to splinters; but again my friend and I bore a charmed life, for we were untouched—indeed, were not even badly shaken.

Bleriot, when he heard of my initial success and the resultant crash, telegraphed to me from Vienna, where he was giving exhibition flights, telling me that he would have the monoplane repaired for me immediately at his factory.

My next flight was with Bleriot himself, at his aerodrome at Pau, but I do not think in all my flying experience I ever got such a thrill as during that first hour when, for the first time, I left the ground in my own power-driven machine... and how dearly would I love to be able to live through that wonderful hour again!

WHAT

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The natural diastase in the malt which is preserved by Cadburys low-temperature vacuum process.

A cup of Bourn-vita at bedtime not only helps you to get a good night's sleep; not only nourishes you while you sleep—it is extremely easy to digest and also helps to digest your other foods. Digestion is aided by the diastase in the malt. This diastase, which, science proves, is destroyed by ordinary methods of food manufacture, is preserved intact by Cadburys low-temperature vacuum process used for Bourn-vita.

Notice, however, as you sip this delicious food-drink that although malt is one of its valuable ingredients, Bourn-vita has none of that 'malty' taste which some people dislike. Cadburys tested hundreds of malts to find one possessing an agreeable flavour in addition to the correct dietetic value, for this reason: the science of diet (which has advanced greatly within the last few years) now recognises that you cannot benefit properly from anything whose taste you do not enjoy.

Try Bourn-vita to-night. You will sleep better and awake to-morrow with new energy.

Take Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

(A SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION OF MALT, EGGS, MILK AND COCOA)

and sleep well to-night



When tickling throat
won't let you sleep



'GO-suck a ZUBE'

That bed-time throat worrying you again? You want some Zubes. They comfort the throat and chest and make you glow. What a boon in cold weather!

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2½ D. PER
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Loose
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AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES' 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 60 x 84 ins. Weight 11½ lbs pair.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends. 60 x 80 ins. 4½ lbs pair.

Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90 ins. 4½ lbs pair.

One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 72 x 94 ins.

One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54 ins.

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One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 40 ins.

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The Complete Set includes the 10-Piece Cutlery Service. Ready for immediate use. Heavy, Carriage Paid. Price £23

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GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.
Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or
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Chemists, London,
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Weak Kidneys

wear
you
out!"Every Picture
tells a Story."

DO YOU FEEL NERVY, irritable and generally out of sorts, back aching, head aching, limbs aching? Or do you experience urinary troubles, getting up at night, or stiff, inflamed muscles or joints?

These discomforts warn you of weak kidney action; they show that poisons are accumulating in the blood instead of being filtered away. Your troubles will soon vanish and the risk of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and renal dropsy will disappear, when you have restored the kidneys to health by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Men and women find this special kidney tonic equally effective.

"Doans Pills ended my Despair"

On 24th June, 1913, Mrs. K. Harris, 9, Riverside Terrace, River, Dover, said:—"I was nothing but a wreck eight years ago. I was in such terrible pain in my back, I hardly knew how I bore it. The urinary system was out of order, too; there was a gravelly sediment and pain when seeking relief. My legs were swollen up with dropsy, and my eyes were puffed. But Doans Backache Kidney Pills put an end to my despair. After using them I picked up splendidly and now I enjoy my former good health."

On 8th September, 1932, Mrs. Harris said:—"I feel I owe my present good health entirely to Doans Pills."
(Signed) K. Harris."

Of all Dealers
1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Refuse substitutes. Insist upon



HAIR TREATMENT

A well-known consulting hair specialist, Mr. Arthur J. Pye, of Blackpool, has written a book entitled "How to End Hair and Scalp Troubles."

It explains a new hair-growing method which, Mr. Pye claims, has been extraordinarily successful, producing a complete new growth of hair in a woman of 80, and in a man who has worn a wig for nine years to hide the ravages of scalp disease.

The book referred to above may be obtained free on application to Mr. Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, 11, mentioning JOHN BULL.

PENETROL
INHALANT
Now obtainable in Trial Size 6d
Also 1/3 & 2/4 ALL CHEMISTS

CHILD SLAVES of the EMPIRE

Last week Lady Simon, wife of the Foreign Secretary, made an appeal in "John Bull" on behalf of the world's 5,000,000 slaves. In the following article Mrs. Cecil Chesterton describes one of the saddest aspects of modern slavery as she saw it during her recent visit to China.



Slave girls photographed in their master's courtyard in Hong Kong

by Mrs. CECIL
CHESTERTON

is very rarely punished by imprisonment; a fine meets the justice of the case.

Slim, silent, with thick black hair and a dead-white skin, Mai Tong, aged twelve, was the maid-of-all-work at a lodging-house, and did the cooking and the scrubbing and looked after the baby at night. She had been bought as an infant for a song, and all her life had known nothing but work, never a holiday, not a cent of her own, never a kind word.

Sealed lips

Was she ever beaten? She did not answer. How could she do so with her owner there in court? But a member of the Anti-Mui Tsai Society had found her crying in the street, badly knocked about. She had broken a cup!

The defendant was fined 20 dollars—and took the girl home.

Only last month a woman was charged with failing to register two mui tsai. One of the girls had originally been bought by a woman in Canton, who had smuggled her into the colony as her god-daughter and transferred her to the

BRITONS never, never shall be slaves—we all know that. But it does not prevent the existence of child slavery in the British possession of Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is one of the loveliest spots in the East. Its softly-wooded hills encircle the great harbour, lit by night by the lights of a thousand ships. But through all its beauty and luxuriance in the cool air of the Peak, in the sweltering heat of the Chinese city hung with banners, teeming with vitality, the consciousness of this foul thing oppressed me.

Slavery in Hong Kong is an old and dreadful story.

In 1841, just after we acquired the island, a Government ordinance announced that there would be no interference with the social customs of the Chinese entering the colony.

Slavery in China was not then, as it is now, forbidden by law, and in times of flood, famine and national distress it was the recognised practice to buy and sell young female children for domestic and other purposes all over the country.

Chinese immigrants to Hong Kong accordingly brought with them this "social custom," and the mui tsai system, as it is called, was grafted on to the colony.

The barter of flesh and blood did not avowedly take place on British soil, but a continual flow of slaves from outside kept the supply going. Some of these children were decently treated and brought up as members of the household, but many were consigned direct to brothels, there to be broken in in circumstances of agonising cruelty.

Tragic mites

This abominable state of things went on unchecked until 1921, when under great public pressure the home Government issued an ordinance for the suppression of the mui tsai.

Nothing happened in Hong Kong, however, and 10,000 additional mui tsai were imported.

And then, in 1930, Lord Passfield, as Colonial Secretary, got busy. The Governor of Hong Kong was instructed to carry out the ordinance prohibiting the further importation of mui tsai. Those already existing were to be registered and inspected. Further, all mui tsai were to receive wages and to be able to leave their employers when they so desired.

Thanks to the vigilance of the Anti-Mui Tsai Society, which has a large Chinese membership, some of the worst enormities of the system have been checked, but very much has still to be done before the grave reproach of slavery can be lifted from the British flag.

A small, pathetic child of six appeared at the police court during my stay. She had been bought by a woman for five pounds—"ginger and vinegar money" is the local term for this type of payment—when she was four, and since then had done the household work and the washing of the family. Skin and bone, her large dark eyes tragically unchildlike, the little creature haunts me.

The defendant was charged with failing to register ownership. She was fined 10 dollars—12s 6d. in English money—and she still kept the child.

There are hundreds of mui tsai, poor, helpless children whose very existence is unknown. An adequate fine of, say, £10 might check evasion of the law, but the average boils down to such a few shillings that nobody troubles about breaking it.

Inspection remains perfunctory, and for every charge of ill-treatment brought to trial twenty go unrecorded. Moreover—and this to me is monstrous—cruelty

defendant. She did the work of the house, including the washing, looked after the children, and was paid 50 cents a month—7d. in English money.

It is urged that every possible precaution is taken to prevent the ill-treatment of the mui tsai, but at the present moment, in a population of over half a million Chinese, only some 4,000 mui tsai are registered, while it is computed some 30,000 at least exist.

The Government employs an inspector with two assistants—a wholly inadequate staff for the suppression of slavery.

It is not only that these children are very often hideously overworked and underfed, but they are hired out for profit.

There is the case of a child of ten who was let out to a knitting factory, where she worked ten hours a day, washing up and cleaning for the family after she got back at night. She stood all the time at the factory and had charge of an infant at night. She never received a penny of the money paid, and the facts were only made public through the Anti-Mui Tsai Society.

Even under good treatment, sufficient food and a decent bed, slavery is intolerable. But the mui tsai has no chance of freedom until her owner arranges a good marriage, when the money received from the intending husband is set against her original purchase price.

But good marriages for mui tsai are rare. For the most part the only change is a change in proprietorship, for although Lord Passfield directly forbade resale, it still goes on.

The story of Ah Moy, only recently brought to light, is perhaps the most heartrending of all.

Young martyrs

Sold in infancy to pay the ransom of her father, who had been kidnapped by bandits in the interior of China, she had been brought, a baby, to Hong Kong, and ever since she could toddle had been the family drudge. No wages were paid to her, but once a year she received a few cents, "lucky money."

She was sold at fourteen to a dealer, who resold her to a brothel. There she endured to the edge of extremity. But her docile spirit at last revolted. She managed to escape, and was found by the police, who took her to the Government refuge for women and children.

The endurance and the patience of these poor girls make their fate even more pitiable.

Obedience is instilled with every breath, and to them their owner has the power of life and death. A mui tsai is never allowed to forget that her purchase money was paid to her family and that it is her first duty to discharge the debt.

It is an axiom in English law that a man or a woman cannot sell themselves into slavery. Not so in Hong Kong. An unfortunate girl, ill-treated and raped, induced a woman to redeem her from her owners, and in return sold herself for seven years, two dollars every month to be credited to her account till the total of the original sum—180 dollars—with interest, was reached.

It is said, quite truly, that mui tsai in very many cases are well cared for. But in Hong Kong, as elsewhere, slavery breeds suppression.

The administration of the law needs drastic tightening. Gross cruelty should be punished by imprisonment without the option of a fine. Resale should be vigorously stamped out, and the bonafides of immigrants bringing in young children not of their own flesh and blood should be rigorously examined.

Until and unless these things are done the stigma of human bondage will continue to defame the British Empire.

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FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It also contains trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 4221), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10

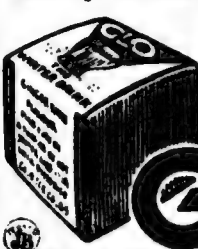
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The Prisoner has been SEARCHED..

A GREAT deal of unnecessary mystery has been created regarding the foresight of Samuel Furnace in having concealed poison to commit suicide in the event of his arrest for murder.

At the enquiry into his death it was declared by senior detectives from New Scotland Yard that it was not customary to search the bottom of a prisoner's overcoat.

In the skirts of his coat Furnace hid a bulky poison-bottle more than five inches long and weighing, with its contents, considerably more than half a pound. It occupied more space than would a modern automatic pistol.

How, it is being asked, was a man who had no criminal or police associations in this country aware that this has so far been the only part of a prisoner's clothing which is not generally examined?

Those who know the methods and history of arrest-searches can give the simple answer.

It is that, eleven years ago, Furnace served in the Irish civil war, and then learned something which he gambled upon British detectives having now forgotten.

Mystery arms

It was the lesson of a series of terrible tragedies. At different times rebels were seized, disarmed, searched and put in cells. When they were taken out they were armed and shot down their escorts.

A long time elapsed before the authorities became aware that many of the insurgents carried two revolvers—one at the waist and another in a hem-pocket of the overcoat tails.

Furnace remembered.

Many people must have been surprised to read that after the police pounced upon Furnace in the house where he was a fugitive and "felt" him for fire-arms, they ordered him to strip. There is no record of the police ever having revealed in court before that this procedure is followed actually on the premises where an arrest is made.

It is common practice, however, and not only in cases of suspected murderers. But it must not be thought that the detectives are then searching for a weapon or poison.

Exactly similar precautions would be taken, say, in the case of a fraudulent company promoter or embezzler arrested at his office or home. What the police expect to find and often do find in the underclothing are documents—sometimes paper money—which the prisoner could easily get rid of after he is in custody.

When poison has been found secreted about the person of arrested men—there is no known case of this having happened with a woman—the fact is never revealed at the trial. It might prejudice the jury.

Only once in a decade does a British police force find a homicidal or thorough-paced criminal who is prepared for suicide rather than stand his trial or suffer his sentence. The strictest precautions have usually to be observed with a prisoner of a totally different kind.

Terrifying moments

This is the office type of worker—the cashier or clerk who has been robbing his employer and falsifying the books. After weeks, perhaps months, of apprehension and mental torture, his day of discovery comes.

The wretch may flee or wait in agony of mind at home for the execution of the inevitable arrest warrant. Whatever he does, he knows that his days of freedom are numbered. His nerve may be broken, but he is not necessarily a coward. It is not punishment he dreads, but the endurance of personal shame and the disgrace upon his kith and kin.

If he is arrested, if he is convicted, he will end it all. So, at least, he believes in those hours of stress.

And the public would be astounded if the number of cases could be made known in which prisoners of this class



—and Self-Murder is Rare

had often said that he would go to the grave rather than prison. On the day before his arrest she had come upon him in his room examining what seemed to be whitish powder.

The detectives in charge of the case had, of course, already thoroughly searched their prisoner and found nothing. They were impressed by the circumstances related by the wife, however, and also by the indifference displayed by the man. So they searched him again—without result.

Still suspicious, they examined his garments inch by inch, again and again, even cutting away the linings of his suit and overcoat. They removed the heels of his shoes, tapped his artificial teeth, broke open his cuff-links. Nothing...

Then the officers observed that every time the accountant was taken to the police court, he was perpetually fingering his necktie.

It was taken from him and examined with a magnifying glass. A small section of it was then seen to have been cut edgewise and resewn.

Hidden pockets

In the divided cloth of the point of the tie was a thin layer of strychnine—twenty grains, or enough to kill twelve people.

Most tailors know what is meant by a "bookmaker's pocket"—the space, with an almost invisible opening, between the cloth and lining of the waistcoat, in which course bookmakers keep their reserves of large-denomination money.

In the last few years this false pocket became fashionable in the criminal community as a receptacle for paper secrets. The amount of information obtained by the police from these linings and the extent to which it has led to the clearing up of crime gangs all over Britain will probably never be fully measured.

One strange belief still persists at most police-stations in Britain. It is that, of all classes of prisoners, people taken into custody for drunkenness must be most thoroughly searched and deprived of everything by which in their stupor they might cause harm to themselves.

Actually a "drunk" is as thoroughly overhauled as the most vicious murderer. Yet everyone knows that it is rare for hurt to come to an intoxicated man.

The first act of the detectives on effecting an arrest is to throw open the prisoner's coat lest he carries a weapon on a hidden shoulder-ling

are found to be prepared to die. Fortunately their ideas are usually absurd about the manner in which they can successfully conceal a weapon or poison and the opportunities they will have to use the instrument of death.

Poison suspected

It is part of every detective's education to understand the psychology of those middle-class citizens who go astray. A life-insurance company would gladly accept the risk of one of them dying after he is taken into custody, however determined and thorough may have been his intentions and plans.

But only a few months ago an accountant in Middlesex, now serving his sentence, very nearly cheated his captors.

After his arrest at home for fraudulent conversion, his wife went to the police-station and stated she feared he had poison secreted about him and would take his life. She knew nothing about his financial wrongdoing, but he

Do It Now!

JOHN BULL's Great New Year Gift Offer, which has proved such a phenomenal success, definitely closes on January 31—only four days more.

Which will you choose—a Gift Voucher accepted as 2s. 6d. in part payment of JOHN BULL's 5s. Pen and Pencil Set, or a Gift Voucher accepted as 5s. in part payment of JOHN BULL's Writing Set De Luxe?

If you wish to take advantage of this generous offer, turn to page 38, where you will find the Gift Vouchers, but you must hurry, as no applications can be accepted after February 1. Do it now!

What is Catarrh?

How to recognise it—how to get rid of it quickly, pleasantly, certainly.

BEWARE INFLUENZA!

During the present epidemic everybody should smoke Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes. By keeping the head clear and the membranes of the nasal tract in a healthy condition, you can succeed in warding off flu and the colds which often precede it. They are also invaluable for all catarrhal troubles.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs, and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body.

This diagram shows how the catarrhal infection spreads into all the minute passages and channels of the respiratory system, till the inflamed tissues choke the tiny airways.



How to Know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if there is constant discharge from the nose and an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, or you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing and noises in the head. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because Catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

The only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. Oint-

ments cannot do this, nor can liquid sprays reach more than the outer parts, while no stomach medicine can affect the passages of throat and nose.

Fortunately there is one remedy composed entirely of medicinal herbs which is unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time.



How to Prove It.

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc. etc., get a packet at any chemist to-day or send a post-card or the coupon below and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.

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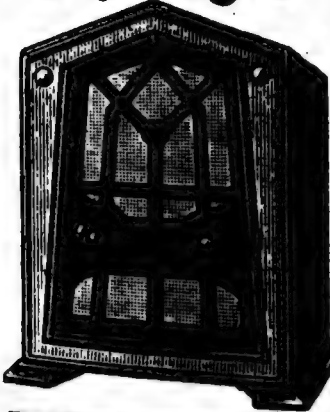
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It is entirely self-contained, everything except the Aerial equipment being ingeniously accommodated inside the Oak finished cabinet which measures 18 1/2 in. high by 14 in. wide. Fitted with Moving Coil Loud Speaker of the newest type and operated by a super-capacity long-life B.T. Battery. It is made under Marconi Licence and incorporates only those components whose reliability and excellence are assured. Fitted with a new pattern All-Steel Chassis, and specially designed to provide powerful long-range reception. Highly selective, and truly magnificent tone, the Moving Coil Loud Speaker giving life-like reproduction. Easy to operate, inexpensive to maintain, and simple to control. Complete in all respects. 28:8:0

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Crossword Pension and £300 Won Outright.

Result of Competition No. 106.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:-

T. Henderson, 84, Clarendon Road, Leicester, who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £300 and a Pension of 30s. a week for life, or a lump sum of £800.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 7th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 13 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £6 13s. 4d. A list of these runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

In addition to the above cash awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 13 others the £100 for Runners-up will receive a £25 Governor's Writing Set.

CROSSWORD No. 106.—The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 17 entrants, and payments of £5 17s. 6d. are being despatched accordingly. Another splendid Crossword offer on Page 38 gives you the opportunity of winning a Life Pension of 20s. a week and £200 Cash (or lump sum of £200). Try your skill now.

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—M.D., London.



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Even doctors cannot tell us any certain way to prevent influenza. But they all agree that the period of convalescence after 'flu is one of the most dangerous you can have. That is the time when a slight relapse may bring serious illness.

No more and more they are putting convalescent patients on to Wincarnis.

Wincarnis is the ideal tonic for convalescents, because its aroma and bouquet tickle even an invalid's appetite. And while it supplies an invaluable stimulant, it actually builds up new reserves of strength. It is simply the purest of fine wine, with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, reinforced with the purest beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It stimulates digestion, soothes irritable nerves and creates rich new blood.

Try Wincarnis to-day. It is backed by more than 20,000 recommendations from medical men who have proved its value for convalescence, for neurasthenia, anaemia, debility, and all run-down conditions.

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FROM INDIGESTION****"New Lease of Life in One Month"**

To the real sufferer from indigestion this letter from Mr. Charles C. of Gosport, Hants, needs no introduction:—

"After several years of untold agonies and operations for stomach trouble, duodenal ulcers, etc., which I can assure you have nearly ended in suicide, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has given me a new lease of life after one month's treatment. I am still taking the powder, for I know it will cure me permanently of all pains.

"Everyone at home is surprised at the change it has made in me. I can enjoy life now without any fear of a recurrence. Please accept my sincere thanks for the new life your powder has given me."

No doctor will be surprised at this letter. All over the country, in all the leading hospitals, they know the formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and they know how amazing are the cures they effect with it themselves. Ask your doctor, he will urge you to take it at once.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder that exact name, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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**We LIKE
Them—**

I WOULD put in a good word for relations. Family life is one of the basic principles of a strong civilisation. Those virtues that invest life with immortality—such as sympathy, generosity, forbearance, sacrifice, love—are the offspring of blood relationship and the mainspring of humanitarianism. I salute that noble company of aunts who have mothered orphaned nieces; those uncles who have saved reprobate nephews; those brave sisters who have done the "big thing" for motherless or wayward brothers.

Even "poor relations" have qualities of heart and mind which reveal true wealth.—W. A., *Merborough.*

Love Link

When I was a child my relations were kind and patient. I was always made welcome at their home in the country, and spent long summer days in the woods and fields.

My relations in London gave me wonderful holidays. I have to thank them for my first knowledge of the Zoo, Westminster Abbey, and all the popular places of our Capital.

Relations are a link with my ancestors, and their love surrounds me on every side.—M. van Mierlo, *Brighton.*

"Shake!"

I like my relations because they are human beings. Of course, they are not perfect, but I like them all the more for that, for then I know they are like myself.

Were they angels I should probably not like them, for then I would have to confess that they were my superiors.

But when I catch one in a lie, hear another swear, come across another the worse for drink, and so forth, then I take off my hat to them and say, "Shake hands, Brother Man. I love you for your very weakness."—Human, *London, E.C.*

Sunshine Again

Left motherless at the age of five, to my childish eyes the light seemed to go out of life. Then, just when I was feeling most forlorn, came, like a ray of sunshine, Auntie May.

Good-night kisses, lavish praise and occasionally reluctant rebuke, all the precious little attentions that a mother bestows, were mine again.

Now, at the age of twenty, I have an understanding and appreciative pal. Thank God for "Aunties," anyway!—Miss D. Howarth, *Cheshire.*

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS.

Selections for January 28

ENGLISH CUP—Round 4.

- (1) Blackpool v. Huddersfield.
- (2) EVERTON v. Bury.
- (3) West Ham v. W. B. ALBION.
- (4) Luton v. HOTTSPUR.
- (5) Tranmere v. LEEDS.
- (6) ASTON VILLA v. Sunderland.
- (7) Southend v. DERBY.
- (8) Aldershot v. Millwall or Reading.
- (9) Burnley v. SHEFFIELD U.
- (10) Brighton v. Bradford.
- (11) MANCHESTER C. v. Walsall.
- (12) CHESTER v. Halifax.
- (13) BIRMINGHAM v. Blackburn.
- (14) Darlington v. CHESTERFIELD.
- (15) BOLTON v. Grimsby.
- (16) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Stoke.

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) CHELSEA v. Wolverhampton.
- (2) PORTSMOUTH v. Newcastle.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) SOUTHAMPTON v. Lincoln.
- (2) Port Vale v. Fulham.
- (3) PRESTON v. Charlton.
- (4) SWANSEA v. Bradford C.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Q. P. RANGERS v. Gillingham.
- (2) BRISTOL R. v. Cardiff.
- (3) BOSCOMBE v. Bristol C.
- (4) EXETER v. Torquay.
- (5) Newport v. COVENTRY.
- (6) NORWICH v. Orient.
- (7) SWINDON v. Northampton.

No Secrets

My relations are true friends. When I rejoice, they rejoice with me; when I am in trouble, they help and comfort me; when I am ill, they nurse me.

When visiting me, I know they have not come to criticise and talk about me afterwards. We can speak without reserve and discuss our private affairs, knowing they will not be broadcast later.

Yes, certainly I am fortunate in having good relatives, and should indeed be ungrateful if I did not appreciate them.—A. T., *Mumbles.*

So Jolly!

Brothers and cousins in the Navy and the Merchant Service "breeze" home occasionally with gifts of shawls, monkeys and other things.

A brother in India, my school-mate, who never forgets his tom-boy sister; a maiden aunt who, perhaps because she



"Breeding" home with strange gifts, gifts from foreign lands

has no chick of her own, lavishes on me a full measure of love and tenderness; big uncles, who consider I am never too old to submit to and reciprocate their bear-like embraces.

It is all so jolly, and I am very thankful.—W. A., *Dorset.*

They're a decent lot. If any of us get into trouble, the league of relations stands behind that erring one, though the rest of the world condemn.—R. H., *New Seaham.*

Relations to me are links in the chain of love and companionship.—E. Burn, *Birmingham.*

**—And
We DON'T**

I HATE relations of both sexes. They are blood-suckers and critics without a shred of feeling. Those who are better off than myself wipe their feet on me, and those who are poorer wipe their lips at my expense.

I'm a sort of buffer between the two sets, and I am continually pouring oil on their troubled waters.

They spoil my home life, leaving me a prey to mixed feelings.—"No Pals," *Dumfries.*

Tragic Advice

Relations almost parted my husband and I when we were "newly-weds," and very much in love. Their interference and so-called "good advice" was the cause of a great deal of misery.

After a couple of years of bickering over relations, we had the sense to see how foolish it was to allow them to spoil our happiness.

We learned to manage our own lives without relations butting in. They meant well; but young couples are best left alone.—A. P., *Hanley.*

Unknown

Relations, as such, I don't like, nor should I expect them to like me, because we do not really know each other.

To me, they are not personalities, but figures, viewed from a mountain of family prejudice and unconscious hyper-criticism.

In one instance, this has been reduced to a molehill, and now the once "distant" relation is a near and dear friend.—S. L. M., *Durham.*

Beg and Borrow

They are jealous of what goods I possess, and were I not to possess them, these same relations would sniff and declare "What improvidence!"

When sickness prevails they remain rigidly aloof, but should a party be celebrated, they are there. They beg my money, borrow my brains, and steal my good name.

But I will be charitable and cease, for they are probably writing to you in the same terms concerning myself.—Hostis, *Birkenhead.*

No Sea, No Callers

Married seven years ago, for the first two years of that time we were residing in a town in the heart of the Welsh collieries.

We have plenty of relations, but they hardly remembered our existence during those two years.

Then came a change, a move to the seaside, and those relations were fond of us then, or fond of the sea, especially during the summer months.

Another move. A big industrial city this time; but, no more sea, no more relations.—C. W., *Handsworth.*

Home-Truths

Relations! The word alone seems to conjure up some terrible ogre. I used to wonder why. Yet the cause was not difficult to find. Coming from the same stock, we are possessed with many similar virtues and peculiar traits of character.

They criticise and expose all my doubtful attributes, conveniently forgetting their own. This is done for my own good, and thoroughly, too.

No man likes home-truths at any time, but relations consider this their privilege.—H. Clark, *Middlesex.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 31.

**The Wrong I'd Right—
and Why**

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with H for home and A for away team.

Example Code.—English Cup—2 (H); Div. I.—1 (H); Southern Section—5 (A); Scottish League—10 (H) would indicate Everton, Chelsea, Coventry and Rangers.

EXPERT CHEMISTS' HEALTH ADVICE

"Dr. Cassell Tablets Cannot Fail to Benefit"

Brand

Mr. Lawrence, of Brighton

"Dr. Cassell Tablets The Most Successful Tonic"

Brand

Mr. Reynolds, of Walthamstow

WHAT greater proof can be advanced of the good results of a tonic and Health Restorative than the unbiased opinions of expert chemists themselves? It is no mere coincidence that so many chemists wholeheartedly recommend Dr. Cassell Tablets.

They **KNOW** the value of the 19 special health ingredients which each tablet contains!

They **SEE** the wonderful health transformations actually taking place! They **HEAR** the grateful praise of those who have been restored to health!

And so, every day, they are pointing out the way to New Health and Happiness to thousands of suffering men and women and here, on this page to-day, we give a verbatim account of personal interviews with two well-known chemists. Read every word they say and follow at once the advice they give. If you are now suffering go at once to the nearest chemist in your neighbourhood and purchase a bottle of these wonder-working Dr. Cassell Tablets.



(Above) Mr. Reynolds' Shop—the Health centre of Walthamstow. (Left) Mr. Reynolds himself—the Health Dispenser of Walthamstow.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
Walthamstow.

"I Take Them Myself!"

From his up-to-date and bright shop in Wood Street, Walthamstow, Mr. J. B. Reynolds, a clever chemist, is daily distributing health and strength to sufferers in his neighbourhood. He is one of the most successful chemists in the district. And one remedy he recommends thoroughly and consistently—the World famous Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets!

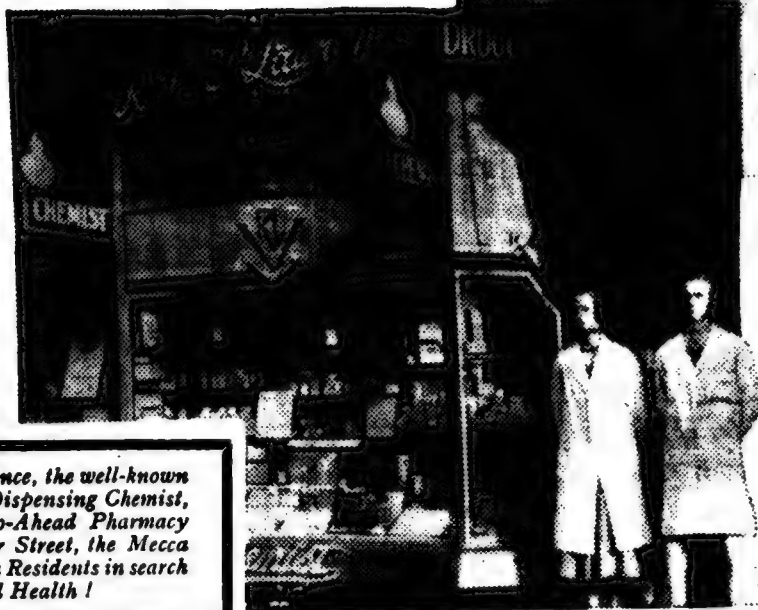
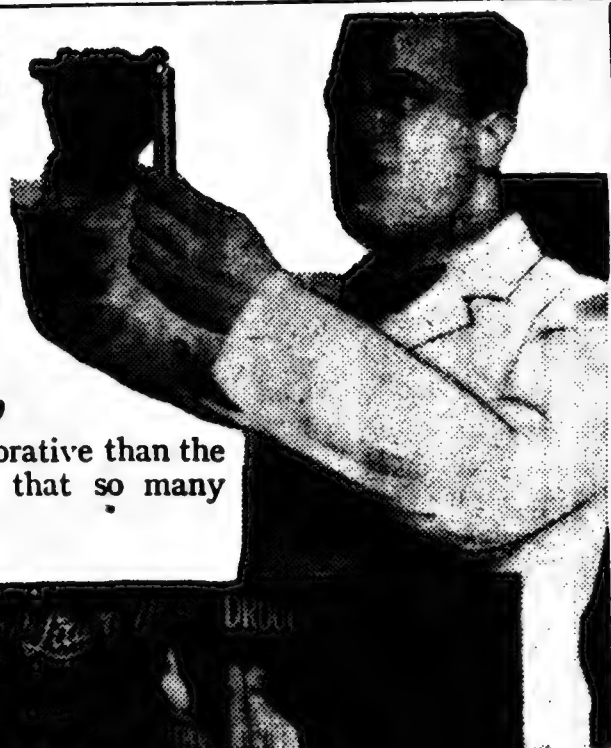
'The demand for Dr. Cassell Tablets,' he said, 'is rapidly growing. And no wonder—they are certainly, from my experience, the most successful of general health tonics. I always recommend them to all who come to me in search of health.'

'Undoubtedly the recent increased demand for Dr. Cassell Tablets is the reason why so many more people in the district are finding New Health. In fact if I told you just a few of the wonderfully enthusiastic

reports I have had only to-day you would be amazed.'

'Do you find that everybody benefits by taking them?' I asked.

'Practically without exception,' he answered. 'And as a matter of fact I take them myself, so can speak from actual personal experience. I have been very successful in business here, and there is no doubt that a great factor in my success has been the good health I have always maintained through taking Dr. Cassell Tablets.'



Mr. Lawrence, the well-known Brighton Dispensing Chemist, and his Go-Ahead Pharmacy in Gardner Street, the Mecca of Brighton Residents in search of Renewed Health!

'Finest Health Bringers!'

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. Brighton, Thursday.

Everybody in Brighton knows Mr. R. R. S. Lawrence's chemist's shop and thousands of holiday makers are familiar with his go-ahead premises at 43, Gardner Street. It is therefore with particular interest that everybody will read of his splendid tribute to Dr. Cassell Tablets.

'I have the utmost confidence in recommending Dr. Cassell Tablets,' he said. 'I regard them as amongst the finest Health Bringers in my stock. The public are undoubtedly coming to realise what a fine medicine Dr. Cassell Tablets are—to one who knows the value of the ingredients it is obvious that they cannot help but benefit the health!'

'You are always hearing wonderful stories of the health revivals Dr. Cassell Tablets have

accomplished, I suppose?' was a question I asked him.

'An amazing number,' he replied, 'from all sorts of people and for all sorts of health trouble—even people here on holiday from places as far away as Birmingham have come in here and praised them. I certainly do, without hesitation, recommend all health sufferers to try Dr. Cassell Tablets—in fact, I will here and now guarantee to return their money if they are not satisfied.'

Secure from your Chemist a 2 1/3 Bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton

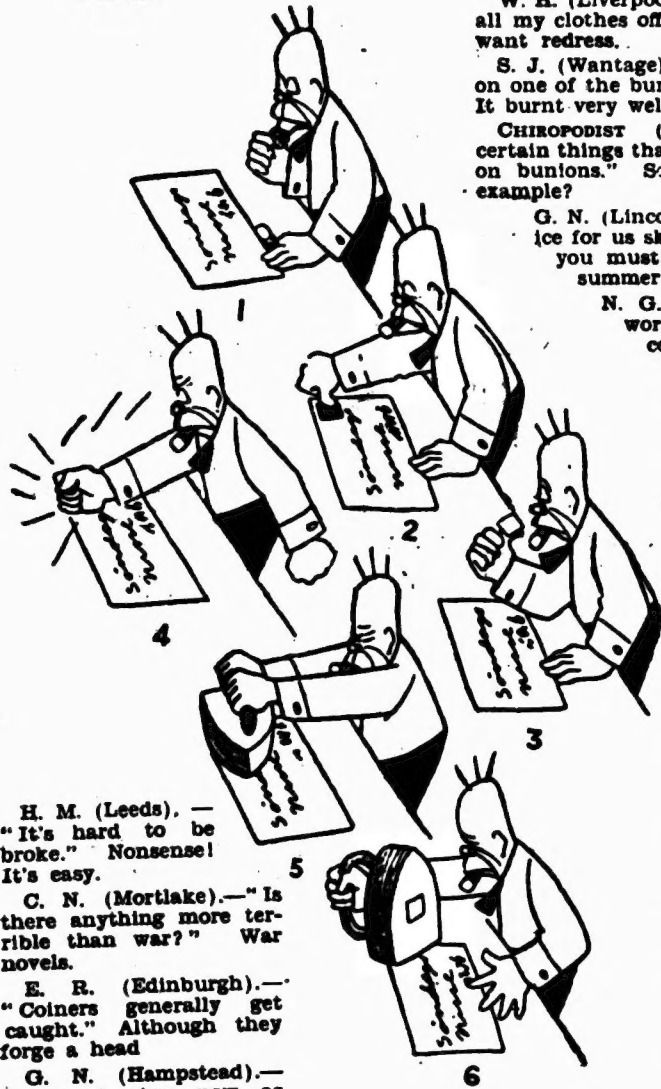
Dr. Cassell Tablets
Brand

1 1/3 and 3/-



F. E. (Cranford).—"It is dangerous to get on a moving train." Even in a ballroom

The Editor LAUGHS LAST



ADAMSON Sticks to It!

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

A. L. (Park Lane).—"I feel deeply for the poor." Deeply in your pocket?

ETVIE (Dorking).—"I think it's time he produced an engagement ring." Try the effect of a stony stare.

B. R. (Freshfield).—"I've invented a new firelighter made of paper." Why waste one writing to us?

G. N. (Ventnor).—"I have written a book entitled 'The Modern Hero.' Dedicated to your publisher?"

R. M. (Glasgow).—"I will listen to both sides of everything." Including gramophone records?

J. F. (Putney).—"Bulls close their eyes when they charge." So do waiters, judging by their arithmetic.

ANGLES (Brighton).—"We are trying to form a syndicate of anglers." Will it be a limited liability affair?

G. N. (Letchworth).—"I may work in your office one day." Certainly not longer.

G. M. (Colchester).—"I am giving up the leadership of the local jazz band, as I am anxious to study." Music?

R. L. (Coventry).—"Electricity has certainly eased the housewife's burdens." And increased her husband's.

MAC (Luton).—"The audience was not satisfied until I had sung 'Annie Laurie' four times." And did you get it right in the end?

W. H. (Liverpool).—"My neighbour tore all my clothes off my back." So now you want redress.

S. J. (Wantage).—"I enclose an article on one of the burning topics of the day." It burnt very well.

CHIROPDIST (Leeds).—"There are certain things that should never be placed on bunsions." Somebody else's feet, for example?

G. N. (Lincoln).—"There will be no ice for us skaters this winter." Then you must wait and see what the summer can do.

N. G. (Cornhill).—"What is worse than an egg not cooked long enough?" One not cooked soon enough.

FREE LANCE (Hampstead).—"All the papers fight to get my stuff." Oh, so you write advertisements?

LUCILLE (Arnos Grove).—"Three men offered me a seat in the Tube to-day." Gracious! How much do you weigh?

D. G. (Caterham).—"Having sung one popular song I was asked to render another." Round the bend in the road?

B. N. (Marlow).—"At the next big conference all the meetings should be held in private." And the caddies sworn to secrecy?

D. H. (Hammer-smith).—"A new skating rink is to have tinted ice." Black and blue seem to be the most appropriate colours.

C. M. (Ripon).—"Railway tickets are going to be printed on thinner paper." Any other ideas to give straphangers more room will be welcome.

G. N. (Southampton).—"A Chicago man was held up and robbed in Berlin." We understand that he immediately booked his passage to Chicago, as the incident had made him very homesick.

A. M. R. (Manchester).—"I'm 30 now, and according to my hand I shall live until I'm 80." Well, that will mean £1,933 cash and over £10,000 in weekly payments for you if you win "Bullets" First on page 39.

R. B. (Ayr).—"An eminent scientist claims that he can make running dogs slow down by sheer hypnotism." Other less gifted humans can do so by backing them for a bob each way.

HUMANE (Barking).—"What could be worse than standing watching a freedom-loving animal like the lion trying to get out of its cage?" Standing watching if it actually got out.

G. A. (Atherstone).—"I never underestimate my own value." Is it possible?

G. D. S. (Staines).—"What could be lighter than gas?" Certainly not the bills.

L. W. (New Barnet).—"True lovers are few." But not far between.

T. R. (Tamworth).—"Why did you burn my last letter?" Because the w.p.b. was full.

P. N. (Mortlake).—"I am studying to become a dress designer." Learning more and more about less and less.

T. L. (Woking).—"No nation is living on the fat of the land nowadays." What about Eskimos?

A. B. (Staines).—"If it came to a battle of tongues, my wife could hold her own." But would she?

W. S. (Canterbury).—"What does the average man spend when out shopping with his wife?" Hours and hours.

F. P. (Fowey).—"I take a hot bath one morning and a cold one the next." We've known geysers like that.

A. S. (Bridgwater).—"How can I show my boss I am worth my salt?" Put some pep into it.

PATRIOTIC (Ipswich).—"Do you take a great interest in the Government?" No, only 3 per cent.

K. A. L. (Putney).—"I know what real loneliness is." You shouldn't come home in the middle of your wife's bridge parties.

S. D. (Couladon).—"A bookmaker was given a walking-on part in a recent play." Most bookmakers prefer the running-off part.

TRADESMAN (Holborn).—"There is always very little money about during January." But next month is the shortest one.

OLD STAGER (Spilsby).—"In my young days the publican would invite a customer to have one for the good of the house." Now he doesn't—for the same reason.

C. M. (Brighton).—"Week-end excursions are a curse." They certainly make one apprehensive when the new maid arrives on a Saturday.

P. H. (Ripon).—"You can now get stamps in some telephone-boxes." Sooner or later we shall, no doubt, be able to get numbers.

C. R. (Cambridge).—"I advise every man I come across to throw himself into his work." A cement-mixer would hesitate to take your advice.

ACTOR (Chelsea).—"I find that English audiences do not applaud as much as they used to do." Perhaps they discovered that it only encouraged you?

L. J. (Ramsgate).—"I don't think I shall ever rave about wireless." Wait until you get a neighbour who never turns his set off before midnight.

S. F. (Clapham).—"In a year or two there will be seats for everybody in public conveyances." In the meantime, we must hang on.

FOREIGNER (Southampton).—"Can you give me an example of 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' as you say?" Yes, giving a fish a bath.

POET (Chelsea).—"I recently visited an editor whose office was in a basement." How did you enjoy being thrown up the stairs for a change?

S. T. M. (Belth).—"Having more than average intelligence, I know what I am talking about." If the latter statement is true, the former must be!

F. L. (Pinner).—"I hope soon to get both my daughters off my hands." That will be all right if you do not have to keep their husbands on their feet.

L. W. (Cromer).—"I heard the other day that the House of Commons could be emptied in four minutes." Yes, but it wouldn't be fair to give the M.P.'s name.

engineers
LET'S GO INTO THIS TOGETHER

THE FIRST thing to do is to send for our FREE Handbook "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." This 250-page book contains details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., M.I.E.T., S.P.O., etc. Exams, outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Chem., Aero, Wireless and "Talking-Picture" Engineering, and explains the advantages of our unique Employment Dept. We urge you not to neglect our offer. Send for your copy of our Handbook to-day, Free of any charge. **BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, Oxford Street, London.**

Ask your chemist about this remedy for

PILES

—or let us send you

A FREE SUPPLY!

If you are a sufferer from pile trouble there is no need for us to describe the constant pain, the down-dragging misery, the chronic irritation this ailment brings—you know it only too well.

If you are being tortured with itching, bleeding piles, let us send you a free test supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy, then you can prove, without expense, how quickly this soothing, healing balm does end the maddening irritation and restore the parts to clean health, without fear of return of the trouble.

Remember, pile trouble neglected may lead to operation and certainly there is no need to await this expensive end. Get your free test supply of Man Zan at once and be pain-free, healthy and happy. Just send your name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R22), Croydon, Surrey. If you prefer to get the usual 3/- supply, in the special applicator tube, you will find chemists everywhere stock this, or, in case of difficulty, send remittance to proprietors.

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Biological Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet"

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP, 30, British Grove, Chislewick, W.4.
Elasto, the New Biological Treatment, is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, etc.

Send for FREE Sample.

How Elasto cures through the blood is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd., (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds.

A Useful Home Book!

Simply send 6d. in stamps to Harpic Mfg Co. Ltd., Dept. P. 1 Hull.

See page 25

RHEUMATISM

can be cured. It is caused by excessive Uric Acid and when this poison is dissolved and removed from the system, rheumatism goes too. This is what URACE Brand Tablets do—quickly and safely, purifying the blood and banishing pain. Take them if you suffer from

Joint Swelling Stiffness Kidney Troubles
Gout Neuritis Influenza
Rheumatism Nerve Pains Lumbago, etc.

1/3 3/ 5/

WRITE for FREE SAMPLE to URACE LABORATORIES, Dept. 15A, 55, Essex Street, London, E.C.1.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

"UP TO THE DOORSTEP AGAIN"

I am writing to let you know that we received your cheque quite safely for which we thank you very much. It has proved a godsend in these terrible times.

I am sorry I have not been able to thank you before, but the flood has been up to the doorstep again.

J. J. S., Smethwick.

FLOODS—Beware!

READERS in stricken villages marooned; bridges swept away when rivers burst their banks; main streets turned into rushing torrents—floods can be terrible weapons of destruction as so many know to their cost.

The danger is a very real one—see to it that you are covered against this menace to your home by registering

for our Great Free Family Insurance.

JOHN BULL is the only paper that covers the home against Flood, Storm, Fire and Sickness. JOHN BULL offers you by far the most comprehensive free home Insurance in the world.

Safeguard your home by signing the Registration form below. This little act may save you enormous loss and much misery.

JOHN BULL—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, FLOOD AND STORM BENEFITS

JOHN BULL		Post this Coupon to	
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent		"John Bull" Registration Department, 12A, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.	
To (Name of Newsagent)		I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.	
Address		Reader's Signature	
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.		Age	
Signature		Address	
Address		Name and Address of Newsagent	
Date		Date	
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/1/33.		Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/1/33.	

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT OFFER

John Bull

New Year Gift Voucher

Accepted as Five Shillings in part payment of "John Bull" 10/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one Voucher accepted in part payment of each Set. Available until Jan. 31st, 1933.

10/- for 5/-

John Bull

New Year Gift Voucher

Accepted as 2/6 in part payment of "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Pencil Set. Only one Voucher accepted in part payment of each Set. Available until Jan. 31st, 1933.

5/- for 2/6

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

5/- WRITING SET FOR 2/6

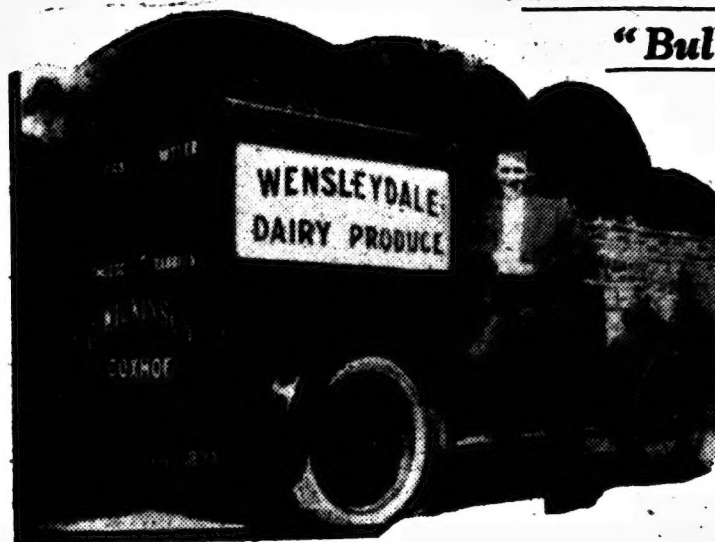
Pen is handsomely chased, fitted with self-filling lever and 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped. "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip and refills. Two years' guarantee with each set. Send the 5/- Gift Voucher and 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance.

10/- WRITING SET FOR 5/-

Pen is fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped and rolled gold barrel and lever-filling device, also pocket clip. "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip, refills and rubber. Five years' guarantee with each set. Send the 10/- Gift Voucher and 5/-, plus 3d. for postage, etc.

State fine-medium-broad nib required. Cross P.O. 187 Co. and make payable to "John Bull."

ADDRESS: "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., (J.12), 27, FLORAL STREET, LONDON



He delivered the "Bullets" Goods!

as I have a much more healthy occupation than ever I had in my life. Yes, *Bullets* has put me on my feet in more ways than one!

At 155, London Road, Lowestoft, there is another business built on a *Bullets* prize.

Its owner is Mr. W. W. Pickard, who captured a *Bullets* £1,500, left the hosiery shop where he served behind the counter, and opened this business for himself.

Up at No. 2, Clock Parade, Enfield, there is another flourishing shop which was founded by a

big *Bullets* cheque. It is the property of Mr. G. A. Seeley, a post-office employee at a London Sorting Office.

What has been done can be done again. Indeed, the reader who captures our staggering 1933 Prize of £1,933 and £4 a week for life will be in a unique position to establish a business.

Even if you have no leaning towards business ventures, your fears for the future, both for yourself and your family, would be banished in a twinkling by the First Prize telegram we shall send out on Friday, February 17.

The final coupons on which to write your 1933 *Bullets* are published this week. Study the instructions on the opposite page, and see that your entry is in by Saturday, February 4!

BUSINESS LAUNCHED

with

Big "Bullets" Prize!

TWO years ago we had the pleasure of sending a £500 cheque to Mr. G. Wilkinson, Hollyhock, Coxhoe, Co. Durham. To-day we learn of the harvest from this golden seed.

"The cheque arrived at a time when things were looking anything but rosy for me," recalls Mr. Wilkinson. "After twenty-one years as a colliery clerk I had lost my job through trade depression."

"Thanks to *Bullets*, however, I have been enabled to start a small retail business. I sell Wensleydale dairy produce, and I go up every week with my van into the Yorkshire Dales to collect my supplies."

"From a health point of view this success has been a big benefit to me,

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 877.

FIRST PRIZE, £300 CASH, AND 11 BIG MONTHLY CHEQUES.

Mrs. A. KNIGHT, 10, Admiralty Terrace, Upnor, Rochester, Kent.

Example:—LONELY WOMAN

Bullet:—COUNTS "SHEEP," NOT "PIGGIES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. HOLLINGS, 423, Brentwood Road, Squirrels Heath.

Example:—Knitting
Bullet:—Me Another "Sock," Fate?

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. B. McPHERSON, 1, Stow Place, Paisley, N.B.

Example:—The Old School
Bullet:—"Dunce" Bought — Erecting Cinema!

10 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

T. CARVER, 15, Redwood Avenue, Tingley, Wakefield.

Wise Wife—Discussing Scandal—Of Prices.

Dr. G. W. DUNLOP, 554, Lytham Road, Blackpool.

At Our Club—Where "Poker" Hits *Miscue*.

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

H. HARRISON, 15, Clark Avenue, Leeds.

Wise Wife—"Scores" With "Who's Won?"

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes.

Lonely Woman—Realises "Emptiness Of Arms."

Mrs. HUNT, 64, Newcastle Avenue, Blackpool.

Her Hour—Office Staff Present Clock.

Mrs. E. LOCKETT, 21, Guy Street, Bradford.

Her Mission In Life—Doesn't Excuse Under-paying Nurse.

G. C. PAYNE, 20, Glencairn Drive, Ealing, W.

Lonely Woman—Children "Scattered"—

Husband "Gathered."

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

T. P. ROE, 39, Castle Avenue, Rotherham.

Stopping At The Office—Thanks To "Added Duties."

F. H. SCOTLAND, 12, Ralston Street, Airdrie, N.B.

The Old School—"Stiff," But Britain's "Backbone."

G. R. VICKERY, 6, Kingston Road, Newport, Mon.

The Old School—Same Building, "Building" Differently.

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

E. H. CHAPMAN, 86, Pathfield Road, Stratford, S.W.

Mistakes—Regular, With The "Casual."

J. CLOSE, Brandon Colliery, Durham.

Cream Of Society—On Moneylender's Doorstep Now.

F. COLEMAN, 180, Brightwell Avenue, West-cliff-on-Sea.

When They Met—Both Cars Apparently Stationary!

D. DAVIS, 81, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

Still Running—Me, Girl I Chased.

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

E. W. FARRER, 4, Torrington Minster, Ramsgate.

In His Den—"Dragon" Interviewing Daughter's "Knight."

F. J. GREENWOOD, 43, Colville Road, Walthamstow, London, E.

Wise Wife—"Mate," Making Me "Pitter."

R. G. PATTERSON, 25, Birdwood Road, Liverpool.

Gamble With Fate—"Solo"—"Patience"—

"Snap"—"Napoleon"!

D. RAY, 73, Northbourne Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Needs—Whistle And Truncheon, Referee!

F. R. STONER, 28, Park Crescent Terrace, Brighton.

The Old School—Speaks Frankly—Sparks Freely.

G. C. TURNER, 35, Pond Street, Sheffield.

Her Mission In Life—"Lifting Fallen"—

Rink Attendant!

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

A list of 50 10/- and 500 2/6 winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 876 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. M. Gates, London Road, Aston Clinton, Aylesbury.

FREE HELP

I enclose 6d. Post. Order

No..... crossed "& Co." and made payable to

(John Bull) to cover postage on

twelve issues of *Bullets*

Bulletin, commencing with

the next available issue.

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

Do not enclose this coupon with your *Bullets* entry.

NAME

ADDRESS

Send this coupon for a twelve weeks' supply of our free weekly *Bulletin*. Its valuable hints may bring you this week's enormous First Prize.

WIN THIS STAGGERING CASH·PLUS·PENSION PRIZE

BULLETS Colossal 2-IN-1 FIRST

£1033 CASH and £4

MAKE 1933 YOUR GOLDEN YEAR!

EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE

MUST BE WON By... SAT. FEB. 4

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £3500

OTHER AWARDS
 £150 SECOND
 £50 THIRD
 10 of £5
 10 of £2-10
 25 of £1 1000 of 26
 2000 RED SEAL TARGET
 10000 TARGET PRIZES

AND ENORMOUS DISTRIBUTION OF 1933 BIG NEW PRIZES
 EACH WINNER WILL RECEIVE A COUPON FOR 26 CASH

LAST DAYS TO WIN THIS MIGHTY PRIZE!

THIS is the way to begin. As you read carefully through the Examples in the next column, jot down each rough idea which they bring to your mind.

Now compress each one neatly into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS with some apt relation to the Example used. Aim at getting a sparkle into the phrasing; make sure that your meaning is clear.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the Example TRIUMPHAL MARCH, you might jot down the rough ideas INSPIRING, BUT MIGHT ENCOURAGE WAR.

After a little cutting and polishing, you could readily produce from this rough comment the completed Bullet, TRIUMPHAL MARCH—STIRS BLOOD—LATER, SPILLS.

As a further guide, make a careful study of the winning efforts on opposite page, and note particularly the phrasing which has carried them into the prize-list. No further coupons for this Mighty 1933 Offer will appear, so these prizes bring your final opportunity to secure a prize unique in Bullets history.

Begin a bold attack on that £1,933 and £4 a week for life this evening, and see that your entry is in by Saturday, February 4!

Example Bullet	
Example Bullet	
(880) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Feb. 4	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed _____	Address _____
Example Bullet	
Example Bullet	
(880) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Feb. 4	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
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Signed _____	Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1 The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
 2 Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3 The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A. Co." Write name and address with date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 880, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

HUGE CASH AND RADIO OFFER NEXT WEEK!

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE" BELOW

BRITAIN'S BALANCE
 THE CHANCELLOR'S PROBLEM
 TO RIGHT THE WRONG
 WE'VE PAID UP, BUT
 THROWN TO THE WINDS
 WHEN I'VE GOT A JOB
 TAUGHT HER A LESSON
 GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL
 SHE CHANGED HER MIND AND
 LOST IN THE DESERT
 SHOWING HIM THE DOOR
 TRIUMPHAL MARCH
 THE KEY
 AMERICA

HARD-HEARTED
 WARNING THE WORLD
 DRIVEN TOO FAR
 HER LOVE
 SURE TO WIN
 POLITICAL PLUMBER
 NEEDED TO-DAY
 MODERN RALEIGH
 ROUGH AND READY
 CLEARLY
 ONE IN THE EYE
 DOES FOR US
 MIGHTY OCEAN

LIFE'S STORY
 DEPENDS ON MOTHER
 WILLING HORSE
 JOINING THE ARMY
 HUSBANDS
 DIRTY CHEAP
 WHEN EMPTY
 SUFFERING
 STRIKING OIL
 SHE PROPOSED
 POISON GAS
 DOWN AND DOWN
 IGY BLAST

Example Bullet	
Example Bullet	
(880) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Feb. 4	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____	Address _____
Example Bullet	
Example Bullet	
(880) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Feb. 4	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____	Address _____
Example Bullet	
Example Bullet	
(880) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Feb. 4	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____	Address _____
Example Bullet	
Example Bullet	
(880) P.O. No. _____ Closing SAT., Feb. 4	I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____	Address _____



Don't worry about your hair—
give it a 'Harlene Hair-Beauty
Bath' TO-DAY.

'Harlene' Preparations are
famous throughout the World.

FREE

If you would like to test them
entirely FREE you may choose
any three and secure them
simply by posting the coupon

'HARLENE' Hair - Grower

'Harlene' is the most widely
used and most successful Hair
Grower and Hair Health Pro-
moter. It is the Hair's True
Liquid Food—the Champagne-
like Reviver of the Hair Roots—
the foe of all Hair Troubles. It is
perfectly marvellous how 'Harlene'
conquers and quickly overcomes

BALDNESS

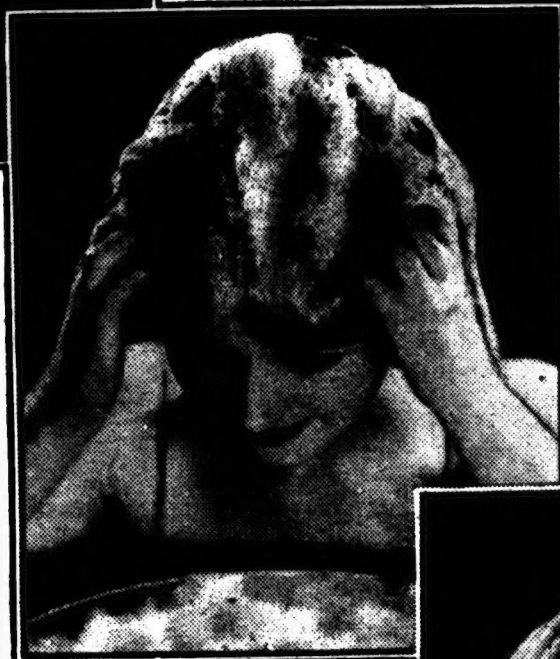


Loss of Life
and Lustre,
Brittle,
Splitting and
Weak Hair,
Scarf, Dand-
ruff and
many other
forms of
Hair Trouble

All Chemists. Price 1/11, 2/9 and
4/9 per Bottle.

2 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

'Cremex' is the Queen of Shampoos
—unequalled for its cleansing power.
Free Burnishing Rinse Included. 1/6 per
box of 7 shampoos (single packets 3d. each)



Enjoy the delight of a 'Cremex'
Shampoo with its cleansing lather.

3 'UZON' DRILLIANTINE

Those who use a Brillantine will find
none to equal 'Uzon'. Beneficial for
over-dry scalp. 1/11d. & 2/9 per
bottle. Solidified 'Uzon' 1/3 per tin.

4 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

Keeps the Hair in wave for long
periods—protects against Fog, Mist,
Damp and even Sea Air. Saves £££'s
on Hair Waving Bills! 1/3 per bottle.

5 'HARLENE' Camomile GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Produces that rare Ash-Blonde effect
and imparts a glorious Light Gold
'Sunshine' Touch to Fair Hair,
unbelievably fascinating and beautiful.
1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

6 'ASTOL' for GREY HAIR

If your hair is Grey you should use
'Astol', which quickly restores the
Hair to Youthful Colour—making you
look years younger. 3/- & 5/- per bottle.

(Above)
Massage a
little 'Har-
lene' into
your scalp
—feel it
'tingle' with
pleasure.

(On Right)
Who would
believe that
such a glori-
ous result
could be so
quickly attained?
These actual photo-
graphs PROVE what
a 'Harlene Hair-Beauty
Bath' will do. Try it
yourself AT ONCE!

NOTE

Should any
of our Pro-
ducts fail to
give entire
satisfaction,
the price will
be refunded
within one
month of
purchase
under our
guarantee.

Notice the *added* Beauty,
the glorious 'Vitality',
'silkeness' and 'life'—
notice how every tress of
hair is improved and
beautified!



HAVE HAIR LIKE THIS

Start
At
Once
To
Use
HARLENE
HAIR
GROWER

Wonderful Results From A "HARLENE" Hair-Beauty Bath

Great FREE Offer To All!

EVERY woman who is fortunate enough to read
this Announcement to-day is going to be envied
and admired by everybody
she meets.

Make your hair softer, more
lustrous, more gleamingly
entrancing than ever before—
give your hair a 'Harlene
Hair-Beauty Bath' to-day and
be amazed and delighted at
the glorious result!

Instantly purchase from the
nearest chemist or stores a 3d.
packet of 'Cremex' Shampoo
Powder and a 1/11 bottle of
'Harlene' Hair Grower and
Tonic.

All You Have to Do!

Shampoo your hair with
'Cremex' Shampoo Powder.
Its creamy lather is super-
cleansing and highly bene-
ficial.

When your hair is dry
sprinkle a little 'Harlene'
on to the hair and massage
gently into the scalp with a
circular 'kneading' motion.
That is all! But 'Harlene'
acts as a 'Champagne-like
Tonic' to every hair root—a
powerful Revitaliser of every
Hair Shaft.

Every woman *must* give her hair
a 'Harlene' Hair-Beauty Bath.
There is no time for delay if you
wish to enjoy greater Hair Beauty
and greater Personal Charm.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover
postage and packing a set of any 3 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' sam-
ples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address
in the United Kingdom. Attach coupon to sheet bearing your
name and address and state which numbers are required.

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H. 970), 20/26, LAMB'S CONDUIT ST., London, W.C.

T.C.B.



Trial Samples of any 3 of the 6 Harlene Preparations described on this
page are offered to you FREE.

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